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HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS.

By THE EDITOR.

XXII.

THE FAMILY OF CLANRANALD.

XIV. JOHN MOYDARTACH MACDONALD, seventh of Clanranald, on the death of his father, Alexander MacAllan, who undoubtedly possessed Moydart, Arasaig, and Castle of Castletirrim, obtained a charter of his father's lands from the Crown, dated 11th February 1531, in the following terms :—" Carta Joanni Mac Allestear, et hæredibus suis, de omnibus et singulis terris subscript, viz., viginti Septem mercat. terrarum de Moydart; triginta mercat. terrarum de Arisaik; Viginti una mercat. terrarum jacen in Igk, et triginta mercat. terrarum de Skerihoff, cum pertinen. jacen. in Oest, infra vicecomitat de Inverness, quond. Alano Macrory, avo dicti Joannis, et suis prædecessoribus in hæreditate ab antiquo pertinuerunt, et per ipsos ultra hominum memoriam pacifice possesserunt, et quod ipsorum cartæ et evidentiæ earundum per guerram et perturbationis in provincia amissæ et districtæ existunt. Tenend. de Rege, &c., Reddendo, &c. Servitium warde et relevii una cum maretagiorum contingerunt, cum clausula de non alienationis, absque licentio Regis, testibus ut in aliis, dat. Apud Edinb., 11th die Februarii 1531."

The Glengarry champion in the great controversy of 1818-19, says of this instrument, after stating that Ranald Allanson took out charters in his own favour in 1498 and 1505, that "a measure so new, and not so well understood, appears to have suggested the idea to Ean Moydartach to apply for a charter also—the better to secure him in his usurped possessions. He represented, but he represented falsely, that the lands were possessed by him and his predecessors past memory of man. He took no notice of the prior charters in favour of his uncle, which were on record. The Crown was willing to get Highland proprietors to acknowledge a superior, and, without inquiry, granted, in the year 1531, a charter in his favour proceeding expressly upon such narrative. When, however, it came to the knowledge of Ranald Allanson that the charter was surreptitiously taken out, he, in his turn, made application for having it recalled, and succeeded, and got the investitures renewed in his own person in

1540, and upon the ground that Ean Moydartach's infestments were obtained *ex sinistra injusta informatione*.* The Clanranald champion, in reply, admits the charge made by his opponent, and says that "he (Ranald) took out a charter of the lands of Arisaig and Moydart on the 14th December 1540. This charter undoubtedly recals a charter granted to John of Moydart in 1531, of the same lands, *which I have no hesitation in stating was improperly obtained*." The words of the precept, dated the 13th of December 1540, the day before the date of the charter itself, in favour of Ranald Gallda, are, "revocat, cassat, annullat, et exonerat, cartam et infeofamentum per ipsum per sinistram informationem in nostra minori etate Johanni Mac Alestir, de predictis terris. Confectam et concessam." The charter itself is almost in the same words.

There is a summons of treason against several Highland chiefs, dated 26th of April 1531, and "Johanne Mordordache de Ellanthorym, Capitaneo de Clanronald," is among the number. No serious steps appear to have been taken against him in consequence, for it is only ten months after, on the 11th of February in the same year, that he obtained the charter already quoted.† The author of the History of Clanranald informs us that, not appearing in answer to the summons on the 26th of April, the day appointed, it was continued till the 28th, and on that day it was again continued till the 26th of May. "Further procedure appears to have been dropped against him, most probably owing to his being reconciled to the King; for, having married Margaret MacKeane, a daughter of Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, he, in July 1534, obtained from the Crown a charter of the lands of Kildonan, Moy, and others in favour of himself and his spouse." The Kildonan named was in the Island of Egg.‡ The same writer says of the Precept of the lands in favour of Ranald, above quoted, that John "had no opportunity of showing that he had a lawful title to the lands, the King having at once reduced his charter, without any legal steps whatever; and the consequence was that John resolved to maintain his title, and he actually did so in face of all opposition. The injustice done him he severely felt, and this feeling seems to have actuated him in almost every action of his life, for at no period does he ever seem to have been thoroughly reconciled to the King, or rulers of the kingdom; and the battle of Blarleine, and consequent possession of immense estates and power enabled him, upon every occasion, to distress and harrass the Government."

He is soon again engaged with the neighbouring clans, particularly the Frasers and Mackintoshes. "The battle of Blarleine had not been forgotten by Lovat, and he and Mackintosh took every opportunity of distressing him: the Earl of Sutherland, too, prompted perhaps by the wish of sharing a part of John's inheritance, was an active but secret instigator of all disputes—and the consequence was that a warfare was constantly carried on. In this John was supported by the whole of his clan, particularly Glengarry, and the Lairds of Knoydart and Morour. The irresolute conduct of the Regent of the Kingdom, and the universal sway which the Earl of Huntly, then Lieutenant of the North, had over the

* Glengarry and Clanranald Controversy, pp. 68-69.

† The year in those days began on the 25th of March, not on the 1st of January as at present, so that February is later in the year than April.

‡ Reg. Mag. Sig., Lib. 25, No. 141.

neighbourhood, contributed in no small degree to keep alive the animosity which then existed. Huntly's ambition was unbounded; his lands marched with those of the Clanranald in several parts, and could he have succeeded in reducing their power, there is little doubt but he would have reaped the whole benefit of the enterprise. Inroads were mutually made, and with various success, till the year 1554, when the Regent having resigned the government of the kingdom into the Queen Dowager's hands, and peace being for a time settled with the English, the Queen Regent and governor set about the internal settlement of the kingdom. Huntly was active in representing the conduct of John in its most unfavourable light, and he was at last despatched to bring him to the Queen Regent. He collected his own clan, the Gordons, as well as the Frasers and Mackintoshes, and marched forward to Moydart, into which he partly penetrated. John, in the meantime, was not inactive; he summoned the clan, and opposed Huntly with such a force as completely intimidated him. No action of any importance was fought, as it was alleged by Huntly that the Clan Chattan raised a tumult in the camp, which compelled him to retire. Be this as it may, Huntly, having completely failed in the enterprise, was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and was severely attacked by his enemies; who averred that the failure originated, not in the behaviour of the Clan Chattan, but in Huntly himself having a dislike to Mackintosh, the chief of that clan. When it is considered that Huntly was at this time one of the most powerful noblemen in the kingdom, and that his strength lay in the very neighbourhood, it can hardly be supposed that the defection of the Clan Chattan would have compelled him to retire; and when, again, it is observed that Huntly at all times had a dislike to the Clanranald, and that the recent battle of Blairleine must have tended to strengthen that dislike, it is far less to be supposed that he would have favoured their cause. The more natural supposition is, that he saw the strength of John was such as to give him little chance of success, and he threw the blame of the defeat upon the Clan Chattan, while his enemies averred that he had acted disloyally.

"This enterprise having completely failed, the Queen Regent was extremely indignant; she shortly afterwards proceeded to Inverness, and held assizes, to which she summoned John, and the heads of those collateral branches of the clan who supported him; but they refused to obey the summons, unless assured of their safety. John Stewart, Earl of Atholl, was despatched against them in July 1555. Atholl was rather favourably inclined towards the Clanranald, and promised pardon and protection to them. John was induced to go to Inverness with several of his sons; he had been but a short time there when, fearing treachery, he made his escape and returned to Castletirrim. On his way he was attacked by Mackintosh and the Clan Chattan, whom he beat off; but having but few followers, he could not attempt any retaliation upon them. He very shortly afterwards became reconciled to the Queen Regent, and returned to Inverness. While there he became acquainted with Penelope, second daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, who was third son of Alexander, Viscount Fenton, and (his former wife, Mariatte McKane, being dead) married her in the year 1555.*"

* History of the Family, 1819, pp. 101-103.

In 1547 John was commanded, among other Highland chiefs, to assemble at Fallow Muir to resist the English, who came to enforce the performance of a treaty of marriage which had previously been entered into for the marriage of Queen Mary with the heir to the English crown. John not only refused to go, but prevented all his retainers from doing so; and his influence was sufficient among the clan to induce the other leading chiefs and their followers to do the same. After the battle of Blarleine, to which we have already referred, the Earl of Huntly returned North with a strong force, when he laid a great part of the country waste, and apprehended many of the principal leaders of the clans, some of whom he put to death. Among the latter were Ewin Allanson of Lochiel and Ranald Macdonald, son of Donald Glas of Keppoch, who were tried for high treason, for the part they had taken at the battle of Blarleine and in the rebellions of the Earl of Lennox. These were tried by a jury of landed gentlemen, found guilty, for a short time imprisoned in the Castle of Ruthven, and then beheaded. Their heads were exposed over the gates of the town of Elgin. Many of the others apprehended at the same time were ignominiously hanged. John Moydartach does not appear on this occasion to have opposed Huntly, but is said to have taken shelter in the Isles, from which he returned as soon as the Earl of Huntly left the North, and retaliated on Huntly's neighbouring property and friends, by plundering and wasting their territories.

At Inverness, on the 24th of August 1552, we find a Commission, under the great seal, granted by Mary Queen of Scots, with the advice of James, Duke of Chatelherault, Earl of Arran, and Lord Hamilton, Protector and Governor of the Kingdom, to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, Lord Campbell and Lorn, and Justice General of Scotland, which proceeds, "that notwithstanding the said Governor has remained for a long time dispensing justice in the Burgh of Inverness, the Clanranald nevertheless refused obedience to Her Majesty's authority and laws, with the other subjects of the kingdom; wherefore Her Majesty gives full power to the said Earl of Argyll to assemble his friends and vassals, and with them go to Clanranald, and to pursue them with fire and sword, and within whatever islands they may seek refuge, for their disobedience, depredations, and murders."* Queen Mary of Guise, at this time in France, soon after came to Scotland, succeeded Arran as Protector, and became vested with full authority. She immediately ordered Huntly north with another expedition for the express purpose of apprehending the Captain of Clanranald, and putting an end to his violent proceedings.

In June 1554 the Earls of Huntly and Argyll "were ordered to proceed, by sea and land, to the utter extermination of the Clanranald," and others who had failed to give hostages for their good conduct. Argyll proceeded to the Isles, while Huntly with a large force, composed of Lowlanders and Highlanders, proceeded to attack Clanranald. Both failed in the object of their expedition, Huntly, because the Highlanders were so much exasperated against Huntly for his execution of William Mackintosh of Mackintosh in 1550, that the Earl declined to face Clanranald by such an army, after which he disbanded his forces and returned home. He was, in consequence, committed to the prison of Edinburgh

* *Invernessiana*, p. 223.

by the Regent, and did not obtain his liberty until he had renounced, among other lucrative grants which he had recently acquired, the Earldoms of Mar and Moray, and the gift of the ward and marriage of Mary Macleod, heiress of Harris, Dunvegan, and Glenelg; while he became bound to banish himself to France for five years; but this latter condition was removed on payment to the Regent of a sum of £5000.

In 1548 the Highlanders, who refused to assemble at Fallow Muir, and who still remained outlaws, seem to have been pardoned in consequence of the disastrous results of the battle of Pinky, on more favourable terms than they could reasonably have expected in the circumstances. John Moydartach shared in this clemency. We find a respite, dated 26th of August 1548, in favour of "Jhone Muyduart MacAlester, Caiptane of Clanranald; Angus MacAlester, his brother; Rorye MacAlester, Allane MacAlester, sons to Jhone Muyduart; Alester MacAne vic Alester of Glengarie; Alester MacDowell vic Rynnell; Angus MacAngus Moir; Angus MacAllane vic Ranald of Knowdwart; Allane Owge MacAlester vic Allane; Alester MacDonald vic Ane of Ardmowache; Angus MacAlester vic Angus; Donald MacAlester vic Kane; Allane MacPersone vic Alester; Donald Moir MacAne vic Illane, for yr treasonable remaining and abyding at hame fra our Soverane Ladyis oist and army, devisit and ordanit to convene upon Falaw-mure, ye last day of August ye zeir of God Jm. Vc., xlvii. [1547] zers for resisting of the Protector of Ingleand and his army, yam beand wt'in yis realme for destruction of ye lieges yrof, and for the slauchter of ye Lord Lovet and his complices at [Blarleine] ye yier of God Jm. Vc. forty [four] zers; and for all actions, &c., and for xix. zers to endure. At Musselburgh, ye xxvi. day of August, the zere of God Jm. Vc. xlviii. zers. Per signaturam."* In spite of the leniency displayed towards him on this occasion, John could not give up his habits of war and pillage. He had little faith in the Government, and he probably thought it much safer for himself and his clan, in their almost inaccessible wilds, to resist a power which he could not help seeing was, at this period, fast falling into decay.

Gregory, describing the Earl of Athole's expedition to the North in 1555, says that Athole succeeded so well with John, Captain of Clanranald, "that he prevailed upon that restless chief, with two of his sons, and certain of his kinsmen, to come before the Regent, and submit themselves to her clemency. Mary of Guise, pleased with their submission, pardoned them their past offences; but ordered them, in the meantime, to remain, some at Perth, and others at the Castle of Methven, till her will should be further declared to them. After remaining, however, in these places for a short time, the Highlanders made their escape to their native mountains; giving the Regent a lesson, as a Scottish annalist [Balfour] quaintly observes, 'to hold the fox better by the ear while she had him in her hands.' This result of her mistaken lenity roused the Regent to greater exertions, and determined her to proceed next year in person to the North, to hold Justice Courts for the punishment of great offenders, and thus to prevent misrule in time coming. Accordingly, in the month of July 1556, Mary of Guise arrived at Inverness, accompanied by the Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Athole, and Marischall, and the Bishops

* Privy Seal, vol. xxii., folio 27.

of Ross and Orkney, with others of the Privy Council. Here Courts were held, and offenders were visited with the most severe punishment—the chiefs of clans being obliged to apprehend and present to justice the criminals of their own tribes, according to the wise regulations by James V., which, during the late wars, had fallen into desuetude. As John Moydartach is not mentioned at all by Lesley in his account of this progress of the Queen Regent to the North, it seems probable that this arch-rebel had escaped the punishment which awaited him by flying to the more remote Isles.*

When Queen Mary visited Inverness in September 1562, and was denied access to the Castle, John, Captain of Clanranald, made his appearance with a numerous retinue, and was among the foremost, with the Mackintoshes, Frasers, and Munroes, to protect the Queen, whom he accompanied for some distance on her return journey; and he appears to have continued firm in his loyalty during the remainder of his life. In 1566 he obtained a remission for past offences for himself, his sons, and all those who had taken part in his rebellious proceedings, dated 3d of March, as follows:—"Preceptum remissionis Johannis MacAlister, alias Moydart, Capitanei de Clanranald; Allan MacAne Vic Alestar, ejus filii; Johannis Oig MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam ejus filii; Rorie MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam sui filii; Angusii MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam filii dicti Johannis; Donaldi Gorme MacAne Vic Alestar, etiam sui filii; Alani MacCawell Vic Rannald de Moroure, Angusii MacAllane Mac Rannald de Knoydert, Angusii Mac Alestar Vic Ane de Glengary Rorie, ejus fratris; Gorie, ejus fratris; Alane, etiam sui fratris; et Johannis Mac Condochie Cowill, pro ipsorum proditoria, remanentia, et domi existentia, ab exercitu apud Falew Muir, et ab hinc ad Maxwell Heuch migratione; pro resistentia antiquorum inimicorum Anglie, in mense Octobris anno domino millesimo quingentesimo quartuagesimo septimo, convenire ordinat; nec non ab omnibus aliis actionibus criminibus, transgressionibus, et offensionibus, per ipsos vel eorum aliquem, aliquibus temporibus preteritis preceden. diem date presentiam commiss. et perpetrat. Apud Edinburgh, tertio die mensis Marcij, anno Domini prescript. (1566) per signetum."†

The following concise statement corroborates the authorities already quoted:—In 1532 King James V. granted a charter of legitimation in favour of John Makalester of Castletirrim, the son of the deceased Alexander M'Alane of Castletirrim, and in the same year, for the good service done and to be done by him, and seeing that the charters granted to his predecessors had been destroyed through war and other local disturbances, granted anew to him and to his heirs the 27 mark lands of Moydart, the 30 mark lands of Arisaik, and other lands in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which of old belonged in heritage to Allan Makrory, the grandfather of John Makalestar of Castletirrim, and to his predecessors, and now to be held of the King in fee for service of ward, relief, and marriage, provided that John Makalester and his heirs should not do homage to any person without the special licence of the King. In 1534 John M'Allaster Vic Allan, captain of the Clanranald, granted to Archibald, Earl of Argyll, the two Kinluthes, Aernie, Glenalladill, Blyng, and Shenan, together of the old extent of 10 marks, in the barony of Moydart. In the same year

* Highlands and Isles, pp. 185-186.

† Privy Seal, vol. xxxv., folio 10.

the granter of these lands appears as John M'Alester M'Alester of Elan-terin, captain of the Clanranald. In 1538 King James V. granted to Alane M'Coule M'Rannald, and his brother Lauchlane M'Coule M'Rannald, the nonentry and other dues of 14 mark lands of Morowre and 7 mark lands in Awrissaig, and other lands, in the sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1540 the same King granted the nonentry and other dues of the same lands to Archibald, Earl of Ergile, the lands, according to the grant, having been in the King's hands since the decease of John Makangus Reoch Makrannald. In the same year he granted to Ranald Alanesoun, styled Galda, the dues of the 27 mark lands of Moydert, and the 24 mark lands of Arissaik, in the Sheriffdom of Inverness, which were in the King's hands since the decease of Alane Rorisoun, Ranald's father. At the same time, on the narrative that it appeared that the deceased Alan Rorysoun of Moydert, the father of Ranald Alanesoun, and his predecessors had been heritably infeft in the same lands, and that all their charters had been lost or destroyed through disturbances in that district, in consequence of which Ranald could never obtain entry as his father's heir, King James V. granted him the lands anew, and revoked a grant of them made in his minority to John Makalester on sinister and unjust information, and all other grants of the same lands which he had given to any other persons. Ranald died in 1544, and in 1563 Queen Mary granted to his son, Allane Makrannald, the dues of the 30 marks of Mwdart, and the 30 marks of Arissak, and other lands, which were in her hands since his father's decease.*

In 1545 John MacAllister, Captain of Clanranald, and Angus Ranaldson of Knoydart, are found among the Council of Donald Dubh, shortly before proclaimed and acknowledged by all the Macdonalds as Lord of the Isles.

John was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished warriors and leaders of the whole Macdonald race, and by his brilliant talents and his consummate skill and bravery in the field, he raised himself, to the highest position in the clan; while his regard for, and attention to, his own more immediate retainers ensured for him their warmest respect and admiration. The most distinguished leaders of the other branches of the race of Somerled acknowledged his surpassing ability, and followed him in all his proceedings against the common enemy; and he never failed, when procuring any favours for himself, to include those who joined him in his dangerous exploits. During the last twenty years of his life he appears to have lived quietly, unmolested and unmolesting, among his devoted people; for, in common with the rest of the Highlanders, he felt scarcely any interest in that period of Scottish history, during which the proceedings of Mary Queen of Scots, her marriages, captivity, and death, so much absorbed the attention of the southern part of the kingdom.

He married, first, Marriate Macian of Ardnamurchan, with issue—

1. Allan, his heir.
2. John Og, who married his cousin, Sheela, or Julia Macdonald,†

* Origines Pariociales Scotiæ, vol. ii., pp. 202-203.

† In the Clanranald Family History, p. 107. John Og is said to have been unmarried, and his only son, Alexander, is described as a "natural son, of whom the families of Glenalladale and Borrodale, now [1819] represented by John Macdonald,

with issue—one son, Alexander, progenitor of the families of Glenaladale, Borrodale, &c. The history of this family is sufficiently interesting to call for separate notice.

3. Roderick, who died unmarried.

4. Angus; and 5, Donald Gorme, died unmarried.

John married, secondly, in 1555, Penelope, second daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, third son of Alexander, Viscount Fenton, with issue—

6. A daughter, who married John Stewart of Appin.

He died, very advanced in years, in 1584, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

XV. ALLAN MACDONALD, eighth of Moydart and Clanranald. He took a prominent share in the remarkable career of his distinguished father, and was, at his predecessor's death, nearly fifty years of age. It would have been observed that he is included in the remissions granted in favour of his father, dated respectively 26th of August 1548, 21st of May 1565, and 3d of March 1566. In 1588, he quarrelled with Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch and killed his brother, and in consequence a letter under the Privy Seal, dated 10th of May, in the same year, was passed in favour of "John M'Ranald, son and apparand aire to Allane M'Ranald of Easter Leys, his aris and assignees, ane or mar, of the gift of the escheit, &c., quhilk pertinet to Allane M'Ane Muydart and Angus M'Allane, his sone, in Muydart, &c.; thro being of the saids personis ordaurlie denouncit rebellis, and put to the horn for the slaughter of Allane Og M'Allane M'Ane, broder to Alexander M'Rannald of Kippoch, and not underlying the law, &c." For this offence he does not appear

Esq." We are not at all surprised to find such a statement inserted, for selfish and spiteful reasons, in a work, where so many attempts are made to falsify the facts regarding the legitimacy of John Moydartach and others. It will not surprise any one to find no scruples in a work where whole generations are passed over, and others made to live generations after they were in their graves, in spite of dates and irrefragable charters, with the clear intention of blinding the reader as to the natural origin of the famous Ian Muidartach, to bastardise those of legitimate birth. Having made enquiries, among others, of Mr Alexander Macdonald, wine merchant, Inverness, one of the present representatives of the Glenaladale family, we have received permission to publish the following letter from the Rev. Donald Macdonald, Glenfinnan. Writing to his brother, he says:—"In reply to your reference to page 107 of the History of Clanranald, I have simply to say, what you already know, that the assertion of illegitimacy there stated is a most malicious untruth, put in for a purpose. The author of it, Macdonald of Dalilea, who was married to an aunt, had a quarrel with our father. By means of his acquaintance with the authors of the book, he gratified his spite, during the publication, by misleading them into *this error*, which he knew at the time to be false, and afterwards confessed openly. When the book appeared in print, he was suspected of it and accused, and afterwards, when my father and he became better friends, he made a clean breast of it. At the same time, he promised my father to have it corrected in the next edition, with a full confession of its incorrectness, but no second edition was ever issued. Such an assertion was never made before nor since by any other; it is in direct contradiction to the genealogy of the family. The trick occurred in our own time, and we are still living testimonies to his confession of the crime and retraction—that is, though ourselves too young at the time to understand it, we received it afterwards by hearing the above stated and talked over frequently by our father, oldest brother and sisters, in whose time and vivid recollection it occurred. Mr Mackenzie then has more than abundant reason for not repeating this error in his forthcoming work, as it is, first, in contradiction to the family genealogy, and, second, the author of it confessed his motive for inventing it." Burke, who accepts the "History" here referred to as his authority throughout, reproduces the error, that John Og was unmarried, in several editions.

to have been ever pardoned, nor does he seem to have obtained any charters from the Crown of his father's territories, though apparently he had undisturbed possession of them during his life.

Allan married a daughter of Alastair Crotach Macleod of Harris, widow of James Og, son of Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat. Allan's illtreatment of her became the cause of serious feuds between his family and that of the Macleods, which were only terminated by another marriage between John, Allan's grandson, and Moir, daughter of the famous Rory Mor Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan, knighted by King James VI. in 1613. By his wife (who, after his death, married, as her third husband, Macdonald of Keppoch) Allan had issue—

1. Angus, who died before his father, without issue.
2. Donald, who succeeded to Clanranald.
3. Ranald, who received from his father extensive possessions in Benbecula and Arasaig, and who, on the failure of Donald's male representatives, carried on the succession.
4. John, who obtained a feu charter of the lands of Kinlochmoidart, and from whom is lineally descended, on the mother's side, the present William Robertson-Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart.
5. Margaret, who married Donald, eighth of Glengarry, with issue.
6. A daughter, who married Alexander, second of Glenaladale.

He died in 1593, and was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

XVI. SIR DONALD MACDONALD, ninth of Clanranald. Having entered into a marriage alliance with the house of Macdonald of Isla, then at war with the celebrated warrior, Lachlan Mor Maclean of Duart, Clanranald joined his father-in-law, and entered the territories of the Macleans in Mull, Tiree, and Coll, which he harried, wasted, and burnt, carrying away a large spoil. Maclean was at the time unable to retaliate, but his opportunity soon came. In the summer of 1595, the Macdonalds decided upon proceeding to Ireland, under Donald Gorm of Sleat, with a large fleet to aid Red Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, in his rebellion against Queen Elizabeth. Duart was ready to oppose them on certain conditions, which Elizabeth was either unable or unwilling at the time to grant. He therefore disbanded his men, and Macdonald's fleet, consisting of a hundred sail, of which fifty were galleys, and the remainder smaller craft, sailed, unmolested, for Ireland. The number of soldiers and mariners who started on this expedition are estimated at about five thousand. "Nine hundred men, however, under the Captain of Clanranald, still remained; and as they passed Mull had the temerity to land for the night; running their 'galleys, boats, and birlings' into a little harbour, where they imagined themselves secure. But Maclean, by what Achincross termed a 'bauld onset and prattie feit of weir,' took the whole company prisoners, threw the chiefs into irons, sent them to his dungeons in his different castles, appropriated their galleys, and transported the common men to the mainland. Amongst the chief prisoners then taken were the Captain of Clanranald and three of his uncles, the Laird of Knoydart, M'lan of Ardnamurchan, Donald Gorm's brothers, and others; and an account of the surprise was immediately transmitted by John Achincross to Nicolson, the English envoy at the Court of James. . . . Elizabeth

was delighted with this exploit of Lauchlan Mor; assured him of her gratitude and friendship;" and sent him, in the shape of a thousand crowns, what he considered a very substantial proof of her appreciation of his conduct, and what he himself, in a letter to Cecil, characterises as an "honourable token of her favour."* The Captain of Clanranald joined the Macdonalds of Glengarry in their wars against Mackenzie in Kintail, Lochcarron, and Lochalsh, with the details of which the reader is already acquainted. He afterwards marched through Skye to his lands in Uist, when he found Murdoch MacRory Macneil of Barra committing outrages and depredations on his lands of South Uist, under pretence that a portion of them belonged to him. They met at North Boisdale, when most of the Barra men were slain. Macneil effected his escape, but Clanranald followed him to Barra, and compelled him to flee for refuge to some of the remoter Islands to the west.

The Captain of Clanranald, like most of the Highland chiefs, became much involved in debt to the Crown and neighbouring chiefs for depredations on their lands, and he is one of the chiefs who, in 1608, met the King's Commissioners at Maclean's Castle of Aros, in Mull, and agreed to give security for the payment of his Majesty's rents; deliver up the castles and strongholds; give up the feudal privileges hitherto claimed by them; submit themselves to the laws of the realm; deliver up their galleys, birlins, and vessels of war to be destroyed; and send their children south to be brought up and educated under the protection and superintendence of the Privy Council, as became the children of barons and gentlemen of the land. On the 7th of March 1610, Donald received a supersedure from the Crown of all his debts for a period of three years, on the narrative that, having a great number of his kinsmen, friends, and dependers, who, for years before had committed spulzies and depredations, and that for the obedience of the laws, he was forced to answer for them; and various decreets had gone out against him, for great sums of money which it was impossible for him to pay, though his Majesty was satisfied that he had done all he could to do so. Donald Gorm of Sleat, who had meanwhile become superior by gift from the Crown of the thirty merk lands of Skirrough, twelve merk lands of Benbecula, and one penny lands of Gartgimines, on the 4th of June 1610, granted a charter of these lands to the Captain of Clanranald, which was confirmed by the Crown on the 20th of July, and sasine was passed upon it on the 5th of October following. On the 24th of July in the same year he obtained another charter from the Crown, in which is narrated the substance of that granted by James V. to his grandfather, John Moydartach, on the 11th of February 1531, of the twenty-seven merk lands of Moydart, thirty merk lands of Arasaig, and thirty-one merk lands of Eigg. In addition he now obtained three other merk lands of Moydart, nine merk lands in Eigg, "compre-

* Tytler's History of Scotland, in which we are told that "It is curious to trace Elizabeth's connection with this man [Lauchlan Mor]. The Lord of Duart's confidential servant happened to be a certain shrewd Celt, named John Achinross; he, in turn, was connected by marriage with Master John Cunningham, a worthy citizen and merchant in Edinburgh. This honest Baillie of the Capital, forming the link between savage and civilised life, corresponded with Sir Robert Bowes; Bowes with Burghley or Sir Robert Cecil; and thus Elizabeth, sitting in her closet at Windsor or Greenwich, moved the strings which assembled or dispersed the chivalry of the Isles. This is no ideal picture, for the letters of the actors remain."

hending Galmisdale, Gruline, the third part of Cleatill, the half of Knock-haltock, and the half of Ballemenoch, extending to thirty merk lands of new extent." He also obtained by this charter the fourteen merk lands of Morar, seven merk lands in Arasaig, twenty-three merk lands of Kindess [south end of Uist], and six merk lands of Boisdale, all united and incorporated into the free Barony of Castletirrim; and the stronghold of Castletirrim was appointed the principal messuage of the Barony.

Allan, the eldest son of Ranald Gallda, referred to in our last as having obtained a charter of legitimation in 1555, and a gift of the non-entry duties of the lands of Moydart and Arasaig, was permitted to retain possession of these rights for a considerable time. His only son, Angus, also possessed them after him, and claimed them as his own, but Donald dispossessed him and took violent possession. Angus at once commenced an action against Clanranald, who, disdaining it as frivolous and ill-grounded, and contemning the authority of the Sheriff before whom it was brought, decree was pronounced against him on the 6th of October 1612, and he was denounced a rebel on that decree. In the same year Angus MacAllan MacRanald—Angus the son of Allan, son of Ranald—was actually served heir to his grandfather, Ranald Allanson of Moydart, in the 27 merk lands of Moydart, and the 24 merk lands of Arasaig, of the old extent of £20.* On the 14th of July 1614, a letter passed the Privy Seal in favour of Sir Alexander Kerr of Oxenham, of the escheat pertaining to him, in consequence of this denunciation; but he, nevertheless, maintained possession. Angus MacRanald shortly afterwards died, and his son John, and daughter Elizabeth, again denounced Sir Donald as a rebel, for not finding caution of law borrows, at the instance of their father, and another letter passed the Privy Seal in favour of Sir James Stewart of Killeith, of Sir Donald's escheat; but all further procedure was stopped by the death of John and his sister soon afterwards.† On the 5th of November 1611, the king, by letter, under the Privy Seal, disposed to Andrew Bishop of the Isles, "for the good, true, and thankful service done to his His Majestie," all sums owing to him by several great Highland chiefs, among others, Donald, Captain of Clanranald. He was still, notwithstanding the charters and other favours received by him from the King, held responsible for the depredations committed by him in Mull, Tiree, Kintail, and Barra; but, at last, he became fully reconciled to the King, who granted him a full remission, dated at Greenwich on the 27th of June 1613, for all his past offences. On the 26th of July 1614, Sir Donald Macdonald, of Sleat, acquired the superiority of the lands of Skirrough, Benbecula, and Gartgimines belonging to Clanranald. In 1615, Clanranald is included in an Act denouncing the Western Chiefs as rebels "against the Sovereign authority," on which occasion the Earl of Argyll with a strong force, from the counties of Dumbarton, Ayr, and Renfrew is sent against them. In 1616 he is included in a summons requiring that he should submit to appear annually before the Council, or as often as required, on being summoned to do so, and on such occasions to exhibit two of his kinsmen; reduce the gentlemen of his household to the number of six; that he should keep within a certain prescribed limits of the residence allotted to him; that he should farm a

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, vol. ii., p. 203; and *Retours*.

† *History of the Family of Clanranald*, pp. 115-116.

portion of his domains ; also plant, cultivate, and encourage his kinsmen to do the same ; that he should not keep more than three tuns of wine for consumption in his house ; that he should not keep more than one large galley, nor an unnecessary number of fire-arms ; and that he should educate his children according to certain conditions imposed. For the execution of these stringent terms he had to grant his personal bond, and the security of powerful friends. Donald afterwards visited Edinburgh, where, according to the history of the family he was knighted in May 1617, at Holyrood House, by James VI.

Sir Donald married Mary, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Isla, with issue :—

1. John, his heir.

2. Ranald ; 3, Alexander ; 4, Donald ; all of whom died without issue.

Sir Donald died in December 1619, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

THE WEE BURN.

—o—

Whaur hae ye come frae, wee bonnie burn ?

Whaur did ye learn sic a tune ?

I come frae the breist o' yon mountain brown,

An' my sang comes frae abune ;

Whaur did ye get sic a tender lay

That pierces my bosom thro' ?

I hae come frae the e'e o' the heather bell,

An' I've kissed the blue bell's mou'.

Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a merry lauch

An' the voice o' a joyous bairn ?

I hae touched the heart o' the white moss-rose,

An' played wi' the maiden fern ;

Whaur did ye get sic a wailin' soun',

Like a broken-hearted cry ?

I hae washed the girse by the auld kirkyard

Whaur my lovers mould'r'in' lie.

Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

Whaur did ye get sic a fearfu' note

That seems like the risin' win' ?

I hae heard the groans o' deein' men

And the rush o' battle din ;

Whaur did ye get sic a cheerfu' look

An' a voice o' holy glee ?

I ken I maun lie in my Faither's loof

For a' eternitie.

Sing on, bonnie burnie, sing !

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

AULD OUR.

COIRRE-BHODAICH wanted not many additional terrors; but all its other fabulous tenants contented themselves with barely frightening intruders on their premises, and no catastrophe beyond a slight temporary panic had been known to follow their visit. The *Bodach-glas* was the dread of all the neighbourhood; and so tyrannical was his sway that even the broad light of noon-day was not altogether sufficient security against his malignant tricks. He was said to manifest a particular hostility to such intruders as were led by no motive more justifiable than mere idle curiosity to visit his favourite haunts. This rendered it an undertaking of no ordinary magnanimity for ladies to make a pilgrimage to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*, or carle's cave; and none ever attempted it unless escorted by a powerful *posse* of gallants. Yet the *Bodach* never, in daylight, made himself visible, nor did he attempt to lay violent hands on any one. But he wanted not other ways of gratifying his resentment. The intruder seldom repassed the entrance of the corry without meeting with some disastrous or, at least, provoking kind of incident, which could only be referred, by the wise ones of the district, to his invisible interposition. Horses, however steady and well-trained, usually betrayed an unaccountable propensity to prick up their ears, stare, snort, and actually perform the part of the renowned Gilpin's steed, on coming within the verge of *Coirre-a-bhodaich*, or, if they did not forget their sobriety, the most skilful bridle hand could not prevent them from making many a dangerous *faux pas*, however sure footed. The last-mentioned description of phenomenon might have seemed, to those unacquainted with the prevailing faith of the neighbourhood, sufficiently accounted for by the roughness and inequality of the ground. But, to all true believers in the mysterious presence and powers of the *Bodach*, a much more satisfactory cause presented itself in his vindictive and malicious agency.

It occasionally happened, too, that the rider was affected with certain strange hallucinations of spirit as well as his horse, or was liable to be taken suddenly ill, or, if a lady, was apt to lose some ornament or appendage of her dress. Besides these, the *Grey Bodach* had a thousand various ways of signifying his displeasure and resenting intrusion on his domains. The party, however, which I had this day the honour of accompanying, came off, upon the whole, with unexampled good fortune. The horses all behaved well, with the exception of making a few stumbles, which led to no serious consequences. The steed of one of the gentlemen—it imports not to say whom—once actually came to his marrow bones, and projected his unsuspecting rider several yards in advance, but as the ground was covered with thick heath, his fall was sufficiently easy, and the most annoying circumstances connected with it was the peal of laughter which it drew from the rest of the cavalcade at his expense.

An accident of a similar nature had nearly happened to Jacobina. As she trotted her palfrey, rather smartly, over a piece of pretty even ground, the saddle, by reason of the slackening of the girth, suddenly fell to one side, and she had certainly come down but for the timely aid of the attentive Captain. This incident gave rise to an animated discussion, whether it was chargeable on the *Bodach-glas*, or on the carelessness of the stable-boy; but the problem being a very nice one, the disputants could not come to an agreement on the solution of it. The party had got beyond the limits of the wicked old fellow's influence, on their return homewards, and were already felicitating themselves on their good luck, when Jacobina discovered that she had lost her gloves. So trifling a matter, however, gave her no concern; and though she recollected that she had left them where she had sat for some time in the cave, and though the Captain obligingly offered to ride back for them, she would not allow him. She desired to leave them as an offering of gratitude to the *Bodach* for his forbearance while the party were in his dominions.

There was some reason to believe that the Captain had considerably advanced himself this day in the good graces of Jacobina. His rival in the meantime, however, had also enjoyed and made good use of opportunities in another quarter for promoting his views. He had arrived at Auldour soon after our departure, and had spent the forenoon in close deliberation there with the Colonel and his spouse.

Whatever had passed between him and them, we found him, on our return, in high spirits; and I remarked that he paid his respects to Mac-laine apparently with less of the constrained air of rivalry which, on former occasions, he had not been altogether successful in his attempts to conceal. From this I drew an inference rather unfavourable to my friend the Captain. I had few other opportunities of making remarks till, as it verged towards a fashionable hour, the whole company assembled in the drawing-room, in expectation of dinner. My eyes were now dazzled with the finery which both ladies and gentlemen displayed, in the midst of which, my own dingy dress-suit—for my portable wardrobe was by no means copiously furnished with variety or splendour—made so very sorry an appearance that I was glad to be kept in countenance by a few casual interlopers, who, as usual, had been drawn from the road by the welcome signal of good cheer at Auldour's liberal board.

The entertainment corresponded, in elegance and sumptuousness, with the array of the company. A display of valuable plate glittered on all sides, the *maitre de cuisine* seemed to have spared no effort to render the fare suited to the occasion; the cellar had been laid under contribution for its most choice Madeira, claret, and champagne, the servants displayed their newest liveries, and everything bore evidence that guests of no ordinary quality that day graced the board.

Dunbrekan, of course, occupied the place of chief honour, at the right hand of the smiling hostess, who looked a dozen of years younger than she had done at breakfast. Mac-laine was seated more than half-way down the table, and the contested prize, the blooming Jacobina, who never looked more lovely, was, by accident or design, placed at equal distance from both, at the opposite side; so that, in whatever way fortune might terminate the contest, neither party could well attribute his failure

to the unfavourable nature of his position, though, if there was any advantage, it evidently rested with Dunbreckan.

As the company, even when all the unbidden guests had taken their places, was, by no means, inconveniently large, I had the good luck to be so seated as to command the view of everything that went on. Fortunately, too, no troublesome dish stood before me; the lady at my left hand preferred talking to her own left-hand *beau*; and the unbidden guest who elbowed me on the right—for though the ladies certainly predominated, some miscalculation had taken place in arranging them—was too much occupied with his trencher to interfere with my observations.

Dunbreckan had performed all the ceremonies of the toilet with minute attention. His mustachios, which he frequently twirled to keep them in curl, had been exquisitely tinged with a dark-coloured dye; his whiskers had received a gentle touch of the same hue; and the elegant pencil of hair which sprung from his lower lip was left of its natural auburn. His dress boasted a newer and more modish cut than any other at the table, a precious gem sparkled on his breast, and a massy gold chain depended from his neck. His air was, in every respect, suitable to his personal decorations. It betrayed no slight expression of conscious superiority, which nobody seemed inclined to dispute; and the lead in the conversation was universally conceded to him as a matter of right, which he appeared sufficiently to understand. He attempted many fine things to the ladies, which generally succeeded in calling forth the blushes of her to whom he addressed himself, and the applauding smile of all the rest. He frequently directed his discourse down the table to the attentive landlord; talked of his new stock of Cheviots; of his contemplated improvements in farming and planting; of the plan of his new grape-house, with other topics, all of self, and of an equally instructive character.

As I remarked all this with deep interest, my heart began to misgive me for the fate of my poor friend Maclaine. I sighed to reflect that it was downright folly for him to contend any longer with such an antagonist; and I could not help feeling a little ruffled in spirit at the thought that five thousand a year, and a pair of black mustachios, should give one man such an enviable superiority over another.

My observations meantime on the behaviour of the half-pay Captain himself did not tend much to reassure me. He had hitherto sat in unassuming silence, apparently much buried in his own reflections, which I was inclined to believe, were not very different from my own. Yet his personal appearance upon the whole was more than usually prepossessing. His dress, though plain and suited to his means, was disposed with taste and elegance; and though he boasted neither mustachios nor a gold chain, and his countenance beamed not with its wonted expressiveness, there was still something in his air and general aspect which challenged a comparison with any gentleman present. My impression, nevertheless, was that he seemed somewhat crest-fallen; and I feared that his despondency would defeat his only remaining chance of success by checking the usual exuberance of his wit.

A few glances at Jacobina, however, served to revive my hopes. She seemed to be the only female at the table who witnessed with an undazzled eye the imposing display of the dashing young laird of Dunbreckan, and whose cheek altered not its hue in the least by the flattering notice he

bestowed upon her. I believe Maclaine made the same discovery, and it seemed to have considerable influence in re-animating his spirits. All along, indeed, one of more acute penetration, and more intimately acquainted with the Captain's peculiarities, might, perhaps, have perceived that, though he gave place for a little to his rival, he was neither discouraged nor disposed to relinquish the combat. He waited only till Dunbreckan had put forth his whole strength and exhausted all his address in preliminary manoeuvres, and understood perfectly how to seize his own opportunity for retaliation.

Towards the conclusion of the third course, accordingly, I perceived, with much satisfaction, that his eye began to brighten and his tongue recover its wonted powers. The notice which he acquired by some preliminary observation seemed to encourage him to further efforts, till, by degrees, the general attention was withdrawn from Dunbreckan and bestowed on him. Maclaine now began to shine in all his glory. Bursts of laughter waited on his words, and, what was a still more envied distinction, the eye of the lovely Jacobina, who was ever ready to listen to and applaud his sallies, beamed benignantly upon him.

Dunbreckan for some time struggled to maintain his ground, but his remarks, though he strove to give them their full effect by animated gestures and well placed emphasis, gained only the tribute of mute attention and general assent, while the hearty laugh of the company still went along with his rival. The mortification thus produced in the now discomfited man too manifestly betrayed itself in the forced grin with which he sometimes condescended to join in the applause bestowed upon his opponent's wit. He had no alternative, however, but to yield to the torrent which had set in so forcibly against him, and be silent, unless at any time he desired to address his conversation to the landlady. She too, seemed, from the increased dignity of her bearing, to participate in his mortification, and made several attempts to cause a diversion in his favour, but all her endeavours were unavailing.

Such was the state of matters when the ladies withdrew. The Captain, having now fewer motives for persisting in his opposition, again permitted Dunbreckan to assume the ascendancy, and to retain it till the continued circulation of the claret and Madeira set every tongue into a state of great activity. Every one now became too much occupied with his own joke to bestow much attention on his neighbours' pretensions; and the spacious dining-room rung for some hours with the noisy din of boisterous conviviality.

From this obstreperous scene Maclaine was the first to make his retreat. I was too deeply interested in his movements to remain long behind him, and therefore hastened to mark his reception in the drawing-room. I found the ladies engaged in a very spirited discussion on the merits of the gay laird of Dunbreckan. Jacobina was very sarcastic in her remarks. She alleged that any wit he possessed was like Samson's strength, placed in his beard; and though her mother, several aunts, and a majority of the young ladies zealously united in his defence, she would, by no means, admit that he was either handsome or accomplished, or of agreeable manners.

During this amusing dispute, Maclaine maintained for some time a strict neutrality. At length he pretended to join the party of the squire,

but sufficiently understood his cue to suffer himself to be easily overcome by his satirical antagonist. The controversy was soon interrupted by the appearance of the gentleman in question himself, who had probably felt uneasy that his rival should be thus enjoying the unmolested possession of the field.

The amusement of cards, in which the evening was chiefly consumed, left little room for any important manœuvre. After supper, Dunbreckan was the first to move that the ladies should honour them with a song. As usual, in such cases, all were full of excuses; and when these were no longer tenable, those who urged them insisted that the gentlemen should set them the example. He who made the first motion was strongly pressed to lead the way; but he begged to be excused on the ground that he had a bad voice, adding at the same time that he thought most vocal performers of the male sex absolutely intolerable, especially where the more mellow tones of a feminine voice could be obtained.

If this remark was intended by the squire to discourage the efforts of his rival, whose vocal powers were well known, he woefully overshot his mark; for the ladies universally agreed that the observation was too severe, and in order to give it an unanswerable refutation, they all beset Maclaine to favour them with a specimen of his attainments. Dunbreckan attempted some apology, protested that he meant no disparagement of the Captain's powers, and expressed an earnest desire to hear him. Maclaine thus urged, had no choice left but compliance. He therefore struck up, after having stipulated that, to make amends for his own harsh notes, the ladies should all unite in the chorus of his song, which soon appeared to be a "fine new" one, of his own composition, set to a favourite Gaelic air. He afterwards favoured me with a copy of it, which I shall take the liberty here to insert, partly because I myself had the honour of being mentioned in it, and also because it seemed considerably to affect its author's own prospects:—

Air—Faillirin, illirin, &c.

O some love Madeira, and some love Champagne,
And some love to hunt the fleet stag on the plain,
O some love an old song, and some love a new,
But I love the maid with the eyes softly blue.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

There's Wooddroof, my friend, who takes wondrous delight,
In searching for wild flowers from morning to night;
But long will he range over mountain and grove,
Ere he meet with a flower to match with my love.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

Cousin Norman delights to hoard up, with care,
In's cabinet minerals precious and rare;
But long will good Norman collect and explore,
Ere a gem he find like the maid I adore.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

What kingdom of nature can furnish a hue,
To equal the charms of her eyes' lovely blue?
O vainly of Flora a match shalt thou seek,
For the lilly and roses blend on her cheek.

Faillirin, illirin, &c.

What ruby, carnelian, or gold can compare,
With charms I could name that distinguish my fair?

What roe in its swiftness—what swan in its pride,
Move graceful as she whom I hope for my bride?
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

I fain would express, but must ever despair,
The enchantment that lurks in her gay artless air;
And smile fraught with fancy that beams from her eye,
These nothing, alas! can describe, save a sigh.
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

My life was a dream, till the thrice happy day,
When her shafts, aim'd in sport, soon made me their prey;
Her chains, heavenly temper'd, encompass my heart,
With a power that can ne'er be equall'd by art.
Faillirin, illirin, &c.

Whatever may be the reader's opinion regarding the poetical merits of this composition, it was received with very flattering applause by those who first sat in judgment upon it. Many of them rapturously encored it; but the performer's modesty would not allow him to comply. Dunbreckan was obliged to go along with the tide, though the compliments, which he found himself called on to bestow, seemed to cost him a considerable effort, and were uttered with but indifferent grace.

MacLaine's triumph, in fact, seemed now complete. The worthy landlord himself, though he could not fail to perceive the drift of the poetical Captain's muse, was so overcome with his feelings of admiration that he grasped MacLaine's hand, and, shaking it cordially, called for a general bumper to compliment his performances as a poet and a vocalist, and to wish him all success in his addresses to the subject of his song.

Perhaps it is nearly as difficult for a partial parent to hear, without emotion, a daughter's charms celebrated in flattering strains, as for the be-rhymed beauty herself to preserve her bosom free from all predilection for the man who thus feels himself inspired in her praise. I persuaded myself, therefore, that I read in the old gentleman's delighted eye a full approval of the poet's suit; and though his more calculating helpmate testified her satisfaction in less rapturous terms, I no longer felt any inclination to despair of my meritorious friend's success.

Mrs Mackenzie, indeed, in complimenting the Captain, betrayed such constraint in her air and manner as seemed to render her sincerity more than doubtful. Yet she endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and to pass the matter off with her best grace. She expressed some curiosity to know the name of the fair nymph so much indebted to his muse, and remarked that she could scarcely persuade herself that she was then in the company, otherwise she must have long ago betrayed herself by her blushes.

In fact, though I had watched Jacobina's looks with as close attention as politeness would permit during her admirer's performance, I could not detect the slightest variation in her colour, and I was rather at a loss whether to admire her self-possession or to believe that, as her mother pretended, she did not understand herself as the heroine of the song.

MacLaine having thus broken the ice, several of the ladies were prevailed on to follow; but none else of the gentlemen could be induced to hazard his reputation on a field where the proudest laurels had been already gathered. That the other sex, however, might bear their part in promoting the hilarity of the evening, the ladies passed a unanimous vote

that each gentleman should be obliged to sing or pay the usual equivalent of a story. This paved the way to many amusing anecdotes and tales of wonder, and most of the fair ornaments of the party soon claiming the same privilege of the *beaux*, the song at length universally gave place to the narrative.

In the latitude of Strath-Eihre it would have been surprising if the general spirit of this species of entertainment had not been decidedly marvellous. Accordingly, each successive tale breathed more and more of the world of fable, till, at length, the colour had almost disappeared in every lovely cheek, and each fair listener seemed enchained to her seat by eager curiosity.

When this species of excitement had been kept up for a considerable time, the Doctor had the hardihood to express an opinion that certain mysterious facts, which had been stated by some of the speakers, could be accounted for, on certain principles of nature, without calling in the aid of supernatural agency, and even went so far as to throw out some remarks, tending to lessen the credit of the whole system of Celtic mythology. This provoked a universal combination of the ladies against him. Dunbreckan, whether prompted by his gallantry or by a generous impulse to aid the weaker party—though it certainly had the aid of ten to one in point of numbers—bent the whole weight of his logic to the cause of the fair combatants, while Maclaine, from motives equally inexplicable, though the reader may have his own theory on the subject, took part with the Doctor.

A general collision of opinions now ensued, and a very animated debate sprung up. Each remaining member of the company adopted the side of the question that best suited his conviction or his humour, though the majority still went with the ladies. Many staggering facts were now alleged by the advocates of the marvellous, corroborated withal by such a host of authorities, that they boldly defied their opponents to offer any plausible explanation of them without calling in the aid of some supernatural agent to loose the knot.

The Captain and the Doctor, however, with their few adherents, still maintained their position with pertinacious resolution. Maclaine became particularly animated in the debate, and showed himself no less a master of the syllogism than of the weapons of Mars and the muses. Even the arguments of his adored Jacobina herself were insufficient to drive him from his ground, though he stated his objections with all becoming deference.

As for Dunbreckan and the other gentlemen who seemed only to have obeyed the dictates of their gallantry, by engaging in this serious affray, they soon found that the office they had taken upon them was almost a total sinecure; for it speedily appeared that the fair heroines were quite able to carry on the combat by their own unaided might.

One of them—an amazon of nearly climateric years—named Grisilda Fraser, displayed the most signal prowess, and offered fairly to carry off the prize of valour. Miss Grisilda directed her blows particularly against the head of the undaunted Captain, till, believing him just on the point of giving in, and that one other effort would reduce him to utter silence, she summed up the controversy with the unanswerable and decisive assertion, that the doctrine of apparitions was as true as the gospel, and that she

could not persuade herself that any one sincerely disbelieved it, though it had, now-a-days, become the fashion for every would-be-wit to cavil at the creed of his fathers, in order to show his own superiority to vulgar prejudices.

Maclaine's answer to this irresistible kind of logic not seeming to be in readiness, the victory was believed, both by Miss Grisilda and some others, to be on her side. But, not content with having prostrated her antagonist, she appeared disposed to indulge her vindictiveness still further, by making an ungenerous use of her supposed advantage. She therefore added, when she found herself in the undisputed possession of the field, that, for all the Captain's vapouring, she would risk any bet that he would not have courage to go alone, that same night, to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich* and fetch Jacobina's gloves.

Maclaine immediately sprung to his feet, and intimated his readiness to go to any cave that Miss Grisilda might name, within an hour's walk of Auldour, on the bare condition that she should make him the compliment of a pair of gloves and a piece of bride-cake on her wedding-day. His terms, being so reasonable and gallant, were, with the fair Grisilda's graceful blushes, instantly acceded to, and the Captain deferred his nocturnal adventure only till he had exchanged his dress-shoes for others better adapted to the ruggedness of the mountain path, and till it had been further stipulated that, if he should not happen to discover Miss Mackenzie's gloves in the darkness of the night and cave, he should leave one of his own in evidence of the accomplishment of his undertaking.

Scarcely had he sallied forth when the ladies, looking out to the pitchy blackness of the sky, felt their gentle bosoms moved with concern about the unpleasant expedition, for which their pertinacity had obliged him to exchange the comfort of the fireside. Jacobina said little; but her feelings were sufficiently manifested by her thoughtful silence. Even Miss Grisilda herself seemed to repent of her own severity. Had the Captain not been already beyond reach, she would probably have sent after him a messenger to acquaint him that the marriage gloves might be earned without incurring such trouble and danger.

As the night was now far advanced, the ladies retired without waiting the Captain's return. By and bye, most of the remaining portion of the company followed their example, till at last only the Doctor, another cousin, and myself were left to hail the Captain's return. He failed not to reappear as soon as could reasonably be expected, bearing no visible marks on his person of the hard knuckles of the *Bodach-Glas*, nor betraying any other symptom of alarm or misfortune than a slight sprain in one of his ankles, which he attributed to a stumble in the dark. His arrival was immediately discovered by several of his fair friends, whose kind apprehensions on his account had not allowed them to go to bed till they once more beheld him in safety. With Miss Grisilda at their head they once more returned to the dining-room, burning with curiosity to know the result of his adventure.

On hearing them coming, he slyly "tipped us the wink," assumed, with the facility of another Mathews, a very long visage, and, in every respect, counterfeited, with surprising success, the air and behaviour of one just escaped from Limbo. Pulling from his pocket a pair of kid gloves, he presented them to Jacobina, and begged she would say whether

they were the same which she had left in the cave. She assured him they were, and did him the flattering compliment to add that she would thenceforth keep them carefully as a memorial of his hardihood.

"A dear memorial it has been to somebody," was the Captain's only reply, while he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and with a tremulous hand, helped himself to a glass of wine. The ladies all looked alarmed, drew nearer to the fire and each other, and eagerly asked what had happened.

"Whatever has happened," said the adventurer dryly, "I shall make no more midnight visits to the *Uaimh-a-Bhodaich*. Miss Grisilda," he added, "you may triumph in your argument without a dissenting voice before I again enter the lists against you; and if you knew at what expense I have gained the bet, you would to-morrow accept the hand of some one of your suitors, that you might have an opportunity of paying me your forfeit."

"I am glad, at least, Captain," said Miss Grisilda, overlooking the point in this last remark, "that you have been frightened out of your scepticism. But, for goodness sake, tell us what you have seen or heard to make you look so pale and bewildered. It is enough, I protest, to make one die of terror to look at you."

"Do tell us what you have seen, Captain, or what you have heard," demanded, at once, some half-dozen of voices.

"Did you meet with the *Bodach*?" said one.

"Had you a scuffle with him?" said another.

"Did you hear the wild troopers of the Corry?" said a third.

"O, can't you tell us all about it, Captain, without any urging?" summed up a fourth in a coaxing tone.

The pale-lipped querists meantime had crowded still nearer together, and caught hold of each other's arms, while they darted many suspicious looks towards the door.

"I am unwilling to spoil your night's rest," said Maclaine, thus assailed; "but since you insist upon it I shall tell you a part of what I heard and saw, though the whole you must not expect me to relate till I see the light of another day. Meantime I pledge my word to the truth of all I tell. Well, as I was going along by the old church-yard, humming to myself my new words to *Faillirin, illirin*, I suddenly observed something white before me."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Grisilda, interrupting him, and shrugging her shoulders, while all the other Misses shrugged in sympathy with her.

"I halted to take a view of it," resumed the narrator, "and if ever a sheeted ghost was seen in a church-yard at midnight, I protest that was one."

"Preserve us all!" with upturned eyes, again exclaimed Miss Grisilda.

"I rubbed my eyes," continued the Captain, "lest they might be imposing upon me. But still the white figure stood upright before me. At length it advanced a few paces towards me, and uttered some sounds resembling an eldritch laugh."

(To be Continued.)

EVICTIONS AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTER.

BY A PROPRIETOR.

I have just finished reading your pamphlet on the Highland Clearances, concluding with a description of the Highland crofter.

Your footnote at the end, saying you would be glad to have the views of those who had given the subject any attention, induces me to give you *mine*, such as they are, though I by no means pretend to solve the difficulty. Yet, I think discussion from all points of view will, if it does nothing else, at any rate, tend to throw some light on the question, and that ultimately it will be found that, like many other difficult problems, it will sooner or later right itself.

I read with melancholy interest your account of the evictions, and though I agree with you in the main, still I differ from you in some particulars.

In the first place I don't think the past evictions should all be placed in the same category of harshness and bad policy. That an eviction must smack of more or less harshness to the evicted is certain, but that such an eviction was necessarily a folly as well as a crime, may be an open question; and to decide on this, before arriving at a just conclusion, one would require to have the whole circumstances of each eviction before one, such as the position and prospects of the tenant previous to eviction, and what would have been the probable results had those evictions not been carried out.

Are we justified in concluding that in each and every instance of eviction the object of the proprietor of the day was to obtain an enhanced rental? and to accomplish which the rights of property were strained to too great a length, and the duties of the same left quite out of sight. If such, indeed, were the motives that called for such harsh measures, then the very memory of the actors deserves to be execrated; but, taking a calm and perfectly impartial view of what the then position probably was, it is quite possible that some of the proprietors might have been actuated by the highest motives for the ultimate interests of the evicted, if they happened to have been at the time in a really miserable condition.

It is now probably impossible to arrive at the then actual existing state of affairs, and the only way to judge, even approximately, of what it was is by analogy, taking the present general position of the crofter as our basis in considering the matter, though it must be borne in mind that steam has greatly altered the circumstances since, and that an eviction that might have been justifiable in former days, might be the height of folly now-a-days; but before entering into a consideration of the question in this aspect, I must state a fact in connection with two of the sad instances you give, and though it may not throw a ray of light on the dark picture you have painted, will, at any rate, deprive it of one of its gloomy features. What I mean refers to the evictions of Borerraig and Suishinish, Isle of Skye, in 1853.

Though your account of those evictions may not distinctly say so, still it infers that the late Lord Godfrey Macdonald, though, as you say, he bitterly regretted the evictions afterwards, at the time apparently sanctioned

them. You are evidently conversant with the fact that he was in the hands of trustees when the evictions from the townships in question were carried out. What I have now to say is that those evictions were not carried out with Lord Macdonald's sanction, but in direct opposition to his wishes and in violation of his feelings, as testified by several Skye gentlemen who were with him at Armadale at the time, and to whom he expressed his annoyance and grief, his hatred of the business, and his sympathy for the evicted tenants, but he was powerless in the hands of his rapacious agent. It is quite true he occupied the position mentioned by Mr Donald Ross, but against this we must put the fact that he himself was not aware of the power he possessed at the time, and it is a satisfaction to know that no Skye man's hand is stained by this blot.

The real point at issue is, what really was the position of the crofter in those days? It seems to me it was very much the same as it is now, *minus* the advantage of steam of the present day, but it is apparent that, whether for weal or woe to the crofter, his position has attracted more or less sympathy or the reverse for a long time past, and all sorts of fates have been suspended over his unfortunate head, embracing schemes extending from proposals for his banishment altogether from the land of his forefathers, down to the replacing him in possession of his original glens, according to the notions of his enemies or friends. Some have recommended improvement of the crofter's holding, while others say he should be left alone. All these views may be equally worthy of consideration except the banishing theory, which happily is now impossible even should it be tried; so we may dismiss it as cruel in intent, and deserving of no further notice.

The general impression seems to be that the present crofts are too small, and if the minimum could be fixed at £10 of a yearly rental, that would be all right. This, no doubt, would work well in some localities, and during a limited period, but when we come to apply the rule to members and the existing state of affairs, like most other rules, it has its exceptions, such, for instance, as in the case of widows. It is well known, a widow, if she has not a strong and grown-up family, or some capital to fall back on, cannot, as a rule, continue to retain a holding of this size, though she might manage to keep up one paying £3 or £4 of a yearly rental, and presently we shall see the reason why. If capital had been the stock-in-trade that worked the croft during the husband's lifetime, the widow, no doubt, would be able to retain the holding, and continue to work it as the husband did during his lifetime, but labour being the real stock-in-trade, it ceased with the husband's life, hence the widow cannot continue to work or hold the croft in question. Yet she can hold a smaller one, as she has still a small command of labour, *i.e.*, what she represents in her own person.

Take an average family of, say half-a-dozen, *viz.*, husband, wife, and four children. To support this family in the present day requires the sum, say, in round figures, of from £30 to £40 a year, according to management, but I shall base it on the following calculation, supposing the family requirements to be £30 yearly:—

Say a croft yields three rentals. A croft or any other piece of ground fairly rented should yield three returns. At this rate a croft paying £10 yearly rent and rates, should yield equal to £30; deduct rent, &c., £10;

balance, profit, £20 ; still leaving him a balance of £10 to make up from some other source to meet his requirements. Extend this calculation, and it is only when we reach the £15 holdings that they can be said to be self-supporting. Everything depends on the yearly expenditure. If £30 yearly, a fifteen pound holding would be sufficient ; but if £40, then a twenty pound holding would be necessary, but to thoroughly understand it, let us look all round it, and suppose the said family requirements not to exceed £25 annually, even then a ten pound holding would leave a deficit of £5, and it is only when we reached the twelve pound holdings they could be said to be self-supporting.

The croft, if ever so small, requires a certain amount of capital invested in it to stock it. A croft paying a yearly rental of £10, would represent a capital of about £60 sterling in round figures,* viz.—

4 Cows at £9	£36
3 Stirks at £3	9
20 Sheep at £15	15
					<hr/>
					£60

and so on, till we reach the twenty pound holdings, which would represent a capital of, say, £120.

Now we are face to face with figures, and here is the difficulty and the real reason why we have not a small prosperous tenantry—simply the want of capital. Imagine the whole of the Highlands now laid out in lots of the yearly value of from £10 to £20, how many could be found willing and capable of taking up the same ? The foregoing is theory, now what are the facts ?

I have not the means at hand to enable me to judge as to the position of the whole of the crofting population of the Highlands, my knowledge being limited to the position of the class in the Island of Skye, and I arrived at the following figures which may perhaps be taken as an index to other parts of the country ; at any rate, they speak for matters as they stood in this Island.

The figures in question are taken from the Inverness County Roll for 1878-79, and since then the rent has not been increased or reduced to any such extent as would in any way affect the following calculation or conclusions, and refer entirely to the agricultural portion of the community, and I have been careful not to mix up with these figures such entries as "Croft and house," for, as a rule, such means that the house is a fairly good one, and that the rent is paid for it, the bit of ground being thrown in to the bargain, and has nothing to do with the subject under inquiry—the crofting system. The gross rental of the Island of Skye in

* Taking £60 as the average capital invested in holdings of a yearly rental of £10, gives £6 of invested capital for every £1 of rent paid, which may be considered fair for holdings of from £5 to £20, but may be slightly high for crofts of £3. I therefore estimate the capital invested in the latter at about £5 for every £1 of rent. This shows the capital now invested in land in the Island of Skye, which is not entirely self-supporting, to be upwards of £40,000, viz.—

610 Tenants at £15	£9,150
935 do. at £35	32,725
<hr/>					<hr/>
1545					£41,875

1878-79 amounted to £36,802, including Raasay, but the purely agricultural portion of the above collected from tenants amounted to only £27,812 8s 3d, to which may be added £3,145 13s 10d in the hands of proprietors, making a total of £30,958 2s 1d. The remaining £5,844 includes rents derived from shootings, fishings, houses, &c., and subjects other than land.

One of the headings, and indeed the principal one, I only guess at, and though I enter the same in *stated* figures, still it is only an approximate estimate of the exact numbers. I mean the number of tenants' holdings under £4 per annum. The names of such tenants do not appear in the County Roll, but the sums paid by them are entered as paid by proprietor for tenants under £4—such and such an amount. It is therefore impossible to arrive at the exact numbers. On one estate, however, and that estate is well known as being typical of what is fair in rent—the entries under this heading in the County Roll appear as such and such an amount of rent paid by the proprietor on account of *so many* rents under £4, and the average comes to exactly £3 for each. On another estate I am acquainted with the average rental of tenants paying under £4 comes to £3 10s each, but taking the Island all over I have put down the average at £3 each, and I don't think I can be far out. Since writing the above I have just seen Mr Walker's—the Commissioner on agriculture—report on the state of crofting in the Lewis, which appears in the *Inverness Courier* of the 7th July, showing the average rental of 2,790 crofts to be £2 18s all round. The average rental in Skye, it will be seen, is considerably higher:—

610 Tenants, paying under £4 yearly, pay between them in all £1,832 17s 2d, or an average of £3 each.

935 Tenants, paying £4 and upwards, but under £10, pay £5,348 10s 11d, or an average of £5 16s 6d each.

178 Tenants, paying £10 but under £20, pay £2,154 11s 4d, or an average of £12 2s each.

25 Tenants, paying £20 but under £100 a year each, pay £993 9s 10d, or at an average of £39 14s 4d each.

Then come the gentlemen farmers,

33 of whom, paying over £100 a year each, swell the rental by £17,483, or an average of £529 15s 9d each.

Total Tenants, 1781.

610 of whom, @ £3 each,	£1,832 17 2
935 ,, @ £5 16s 6d	5,348 10 11
1545 paying	£7,181 8 1

From the above it is seen that the vast majority pay under £10 of a yearly rental, and if we add to the above number, the third class, numbering 178, at £12 2s each, £2,154 11s 4d, we have a total of 1,723 tenants, paying £9,336 19s 5d, whose holdings are not self-supporting.

The land no doubt greatly, or, we may say, mostly, contributes to the support of the above, but, as a matter of fact, it only supports in entirety the small minority of 58, who pay between them the large sum of £18,476 9s 10d, or twice as much as the vast majority of 1,723. It is

therefore clearly apparent that now-a-days the land is not entirely self-supporting to the vast majority. What then probably was the position of the majority of the crofter class in the days of the evictions? Making every allowance for the increased cost of living, and taking the then price of cattle into consideration, each of which would nearly balance the other, the probabilities are that the crofter's profit out of the land must have been then much about what it is now; but steam has altered the position for the better, as it enables the crofter to dispose of his labour in the Southern market, an opportunity which was not open to him in the eviction days. So his position on the whole must now be much better than in those days. Are we then justified in blaming proprietors for removing tenants, when the land they were in possession of would not maintain them, when they had not capital to enable them to increase their holdings, and when no other occupation was open to them? Under such circumstances I don't think the proprietors were to blame *in all instances*. So much for the past,

Now for the present. Having seen that the crofter has to depend on his labour as much as on his capital, the next question in importance to be considered is *the locality best suited to his circumstances*, and in which he will have most opportunities of employing his stock in trade; and here we come to the relative merits of the glen and sea-side situations. The glen has the romance of summer hanging about it, and the recollections that the glens were formerly inhabited. So why not let them be peopled again, and I interpret your own views from your article on the crofter to lean to this theory. It is quite true the glens were formerly inhabited, but circumstances have greatly altered since; the extra cost of living must be taken into consideration, and the isolation of the position makes it perfectly certain that the crofter can get no employment in such localities or their neighbourhood. Besides this, the glens possessed advantages in former days which they do not now possess, owing to the more practical restrictions and preservation of game; the glens also represent a money value now which was unheard of then. They are admirably situated for deer, so why not let them remain under those animals, at any rate for the present.

By this let me not be supposed to advocate the entire clearing of the glens, for my argument in no way applies to those inland situations through which railway lines run, for it is manifest such situations possess great advantages, as the inhabitants are in a position which makes the Southern markets easy of access. I refer simply to such localities as have no such advantages.

The sea-side resident is differently situated, and enjoys many opportunities of employing his labour, denied to the resident of such a glen.

The favourite and general means the crofter has of making up his deficit is by fishing, and here he often has it at hand; besides, the crofter who is not a fisherman, can often get other employment, for fishing, as a rule, creates more or less of a traffic in its neighbourhood; he has also sea-ware near at hand which he can use as manure, which of itself is a very great pull in his favour, but the glen man has nothing save the dry heather which he puts under his cows to use for this purpose.

In a small Island like Skye, surrounded by the sea, where even its most inland glen cannot be very remote from the sea air influence, it is

well known that even *such* glens are by no means so well adapted for stock as the sea-side localities, and if any further argument were necessary to prove the superiority of the sea-side to the glen locality, it is found in the fact of the conduct of the former inhabitants, in those days when might constituted right. The strongest, of course, always took the best, and so the gentry invariably chose the sea-board for their residences, leaving the glens to their dependants, or to those for whom room could not be found in the more favoured situations. I think, therefore, if the crofter system is to be encouraged, the sea-side situations should first be tried, and there is plenty of room for them on ground now under sheep.

As to the general question of improving the condition of the present crofter, or letting him alone, I think there is a great deal of sense in the letting him alone plan.

The first and general idea that gets hold of the Southern traveller when he visits the Highlands is one of commiseration for the crofter, judging entirely from the crofter's household arrangements—the said traveller, taking his own town residence as the test and model of what the crofter's house ought to be, leaving out of sight the fact that towns are the results of the combined efforts of various classes, which, with a great deal of money expended over a limited space, result in the formation of handsome streets and splendid edifices, forgetting that the crofter is only a labourer, that he is his own mason, carpenter, and architect, and above all that he is acquainted with the labourer's position in the south, and that after a practical knowledge of this and that system, he elects a croft with its black hut, and after due reflection considers that his own position, that of a dignified rent-payer, even with the drawback of the black hut, is preferable to the drudgery imposed on the Southern labourer, notwithstanding he is housed under a slated roof. And, taking an impartial view of both positions, I cannot think the crofter is wrong in his choice; for so long as he is reasonably industrious, he is independent, and surrounded by influences calculated to make him more or less a thinking being; and children raised in such a position have every tendency to rise, not to sink, in the social scale. The croft, be it large or be it small, has certain advantages. The crofter has his own house, such as it be, his peats, pure milk and fresh air for his children, all fauned by the atmosphere of independence. To carry home peats is no hardship to the labouring man or woman, who has to earn every penny made by some sort of manual labour; and what more glorious labour could they be employed in than in this seeming drudgery, when it is independently incurred and engaged in on their own behalf, without an order from a superior; and far from commiserating him on his position, he should be viewed as he actually stands, the real aristocrat of the labouring class.

In conclusion, one other word in defence of the crofter, and that is, to say, that he should not be judged by the present condition of his household, for it is no fault of his that it is such. It is but the results of a bye-gone and short-sighted policy, when to improve one's dwelling-house or even to improve one's holding, was nothing short of an act of insanity, as it would simply have been an invitation to have his rent raised; the then view being that, if a man could afford to improve his dwelling-house, surely he could afford to pay a little more rent, hence a premium on *non-improvement*.

There seems now to be a changed feeling on the part of laird and factor, public opinion having, no doubt, a great deal to do with it ; for it is wonderful how liberal people can be with property which does not belong to them ! Yet lairds and factors may naturally ask when are we to get the change. Should it not be immediately apparent now since the crofter is encouraged ?

This will, no doubt, come when the crofter understands that he will get compensation for any improvement he may make to his dwelling-house or holding. At the same time, some patience must be exercised by those in authority in many, or, perhaps, in most instances, for it must be remembered that crofters are not at all times in a position to effect improvements.

I have known crofters who might have been seen some twenty years ago with numerous and weak families having as much to do as they could, in supplying them with meat and clothes. See the same crofters now with grown up and strong families, each contributing to the maintenance of the household, and engaged in improving their dwelling-houses, and making them comfortable. This is the æsthetic period of those crofters' lives, and, as a rule, an independent and competent period of this kind, or some other, occurs during the lifetime of every or of most crofters, when improvements can, and no doubt will be carried out sooner or later ; but the crofter must first be assured that any outlay expended on improving his house or holding, will not result in a rise of rent, but on the other hand be as good as money in the bank.

L. MACDONALD.

Skaebost, Isle of Skye.

IN the excellent account of the late Seaforth's funeral, which appeared in the *Courier* of Saturday last, we find the following :—"In the first part of the funeral arrangements the traditions of the house of Seaforth were strictly honoured, and were departed from only at the dictation of circumstances. What is called the Kintail privilege has always been accorded to the Kintail people—the privilege, namely, of carrying a dead Seaforth out of the Castle ; and at the funeral of the late Honourable Mrs Mackenzie the coffin was borne from the Castle by Kintail men only. On Saturday, however, there was a small representation of Kintail men, and the vacant places around the coffin were taken by tenants on the Brahan property." What a sad comment on a system which has driven the ancient retainers of the soil from Kintail, only to be followed soon after them by the chiefs themselves, who had to sell the ancient heritage of the race. Not many years ago, the greatest portion of a splendid regiment was raised in Kintail. To-day a sufficient number of natives cannot be found to carry out of Brahan Castle the coffin of the lineal representative of their illustrious chiefs according to ancient custom. The sad fact is indescribably lamentable, and we trust it will prove a warning to those who are still driving away their kith and kin and ancient retainers, to make room for sheep and deer.—*Invernessian* for July.

THE GRANTS AND THE MACGRUTHERS.

THERE had been a sanguinary encounter between the Grants and the Macgruthers, resulting in the overwhelming defeat of the latter, their few survivors having had to seek safety by dispersing, each man looking only to himself. Thus it happened that towards nightfall the leader of the Macgruthers found himself in an awkward predicament. In the confusion of his hurried retreat, added to his ignorance of the locality, instead of running away from his foes, he found, to his intense chagrin, that he had actually run right into their midst; for, from where he stood, on a slight elevation, he could see the hamlet right below him, and could see the men straggling in by twos and threes on their return from the pursuit of his own flying followers. He could even hear the joyful shouts with which the women and children greeted the successful warriors. In utter desperation poor Macgruther threw his body on the ground, and gave himself up for lost. He had been severely wounded in the fight, which, combined with his subsequent efforts, had completely exhausted him. He could neither flee nor defend himself. In his anguish he groaned aloud, exclaiming "It is all over with me, I can go no further, and I must either die here like a dog and become the prey of the fox and the eagle, or be discovered by some of the accursed Grants, who will soon put an ignominious end to my miserable life." Even the iron will and athletic frame of the hardy mountaineer could not longer sustain the terrible strain of mind and body, and Macgruther grew faint, a mist came before his eyes, his brain reeled, then all was dark. The strong man had swooned.

When he regained consciousness it was night, the keen frosty air chilled his blood, causing his many wounds to smart again. With difficulty he moved his stiffened limbs and rose to his feet. By the clear cold light of the full moon he looked anxiously around in the vain hope of seeing some place where he could obtain succour. Alas! no habitation met his view save those of his deadly enemies, who were even now seeking his life; for though all was silent in the village below, he could plainly hear the men who were placed as sentinels on every hillock and point of advantage calling to each other, and he well knew if either of them caught sight of him, his doom was sealed.

All at once he formed a desperate resolve which only his extreme peril made him entertain for a moment. This was nothing else than to approach the house of the Chieftain of the Grants, and boldly demand his hospitality for the night; for he felt that to remain exposed, with his wounds uncared for, during the severe frosty night would most likely prove fatal.

Fortunately for his daring design, he was between the line of watchmen and the village, so he apprehended no danger from them provided he was careful to keep in the shade.

With a great effort, and supporting his tremulous limbs with his trusty broadsword, Macgruther at length reached the Chieftain's house, and knocked loudly for admittance.

Those were the days when men slept with their claymores ready to

their hand at the slightest alarm, for a midnight assault was no uncommon occurrence, so, before Macgruther had scarcely done knocking, the door flew open, discovering the leader of the Grants with his drawn sword in one hand and a lighted pine torch in the other. "Who art thou that so rudely breaks my rest?" he exclaimed; then, as the light fell full on his untimely visitor, he started, "Ha! a stranger, and methinks a foe; speak! what dost thou want?" "Chieftain," said Macgruther, "you see before you a vanquished enemy. I am Macgruther, alone, wounded, and entirely in your power; but I throw myself upon your hospitality, and trust to your generosity to give me food and shelter. Here is my sword," and handing his weapon to the astonished chieftain, Macgruther drew himself up, and waited with a proud air for his answer. For a moment Grant was silent, while conflicting emotions surged within his breast. Here was the man he hated, on whom he had sworn to be revenged, standing helpless before him; how easy it were by one stroke to rid himself for ever from his constant and dangerous enemy; then the nobler part of his nature asserted itself, and, refusing the proffered sword, with a graceful gesture he said, "I cannot say thou art welcome Macgruther; but thou hast appealed to my hospitality, which has never yet been refused to mortal man. Come in, and rest in safety until thy strength be restored. Nay, keep thy sword, thou hast trusted me and I will not doubt thee." The brave old Chieftain then aroused his household, and bade them attend to the stranger's wants.

They bound up his wounds, put meat and drink before him, and provided him with a couch on which he was glad to rest his wearied form. All this was done with the greatest kindness and attention, not a single rite of hospitality was omitted.

The next day Macgruther was sufficiently recovered to resume his journey, and, with many acknowledgments to his generous foeman, he prepared to take his departure. "Hold!" said Grant, "thou hast been my guest, and I must see that no harm happens to thee this day. One of my sons shall guide thee safely until sunset. To-morrow see to thyself, for remember that the Grants and the Macgruthers are still foes, and if ever I meet thee in fair fight I shall not spare thee, and I charge thee to do the same with me or mine. Adieu!" and, with a courtly bend of the head, the proud old chieftain turned and re-entered his house.

Guided safely by young Grant, Macgruther was enabled to regain the road towards his home; at sunset they bade each other farewell, and parted as friends, who were to be foes on the morrow.

M. A. ROSE.

MARRIAGE OF MARY J. MACCOLL, THE POET. — At Kingston, Ontario, Canada, was married, on the 27th June, Miss Mary MacColl, eldest daughter of Evan MacColl, the Bard of Lochfyne. The bridegroom was Mr Otto H. Schulte, of the Hasbruck Institute, Jersey City, U.S. Intellectually the happy pair were drawn together, both having been for years engaged in literary and educational pursuits. Miss MacColl has been long well-known in the United States and Canada as a poet of no mean order, and her last work, "Bide a Wee," recently noticed in these pages, will, we are sure, cause her to be better known and appreciated in this country. We sincerely hope the auspicious union, just consummated, will prove one of enduring happiness.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE, 1881—THE SCOTS GREYS AND THE 92D GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

THE 18th of June, 1881, was a red letter day in the annals of the Scottish Regiments, representing, as it did, not only the 66th anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, but also the bi-centenary year of service of the "Royal Scots Greys." Raised by a commission granted by King Charles II., in 1681, to Sir Robert Dalzell, the "Greys" have always represented, *par excellence*, the Cavalry of Scotland, just as the "Highlanders" have been universally accepted as the *beau ideal* of its Infantry. Who were the Highlanders? The wives of the men who rode the white horses! Such was the belief of at least one foreign commander, if tradition speaks true.

During the hottest of the fight at Waterloo the Royal Scots Greys and the 92d Gordon Highlanders gathered their laurels side by side. It was in the attack upon Drouet's column that the gallant Picton, the "most distinguished general of the *fighting division*," having received a musket shot in the forehead, fell at the head of the 42d and 92d Highlanders. It was then too that Wellington, seizing the opportunity for repelling the French attack, launched upon Drouet Ponsonby's heavy cavalry brigade—the Royals, Greys, and Enniskillens—under Lord Uxbridge. They came down like a whirlwind, the earth trembling under the shock of their attack, and, notwithstanding the death of the brave Sir William Ponsonby, who was "pierced to the heart with a lance," carried everything before them. The French infantry was paralysed—the cannoneers fell, sabred beside their guns, twenty-two of which were immediately overturned—and the eagles of the 45th and 105th French Regiments of the line fell into the hands of the victors, the former being captured by Sergeant Ewart of the Royal Scots Greys. It must have been a grand spectacle. Napoleon, whilst biting his lips with vexation at the repulse of his column, could not control the feeling of admiration which arose in a soldier's breast—"Regardez ces chevaux gris!" he exclaimed, "quelles braves troupes! comme ils se travaillent!" It is deeds such as these that awaken a spirit of noble emulation in martial bosoms. No wonder the Royal Scots Greys and the 92d Gordon Highlanders have been sister regiments since the field of Waterloo.

On the 18th of June last a goodly gathering assembled at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, in the City of London, to commemorate the greatest victory the Iron Duke ever achieved, with, perhaps, the solitary exception of the battle of Assaye. The dinner was given by the Scots Greys, not only on the 66th anniversary of the great fight, but to record that they were about to enter into their third century of military service. What then more natural than that they should invite their old comrades of the 92d to hold high festival with them on such an auspicious occasion. A slight damper was thrown upon the proceedings by the fact that, owing to the existing state of affairs in Ireland, only a small number of the officers of the Greys were able to obtain leave of absence. Among the past and present officers of the two regiments who at-

tended, the following distinguished names may, however, be mentioned:—General Darby Griffith, C.B., in the chair, owing to the absence, through sudden illness, of General Sir John Gough, G.C.B., Colonel of the Greys; H.S.H. The Duke of Teck; Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn; Lieut.-General Calvert Clarke, C.B.; Major-General Hawley, C.B., Assist.-Adjt.-General; the Earl of Dunmore; Lord Rathdonnell; the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie; and Sir George Warrender, Bart.; Colonels Carrick Buchanan, C.B., Nugent, Hozier, Gardyne, Macbean, Tatnall, Hibbert, and Prendergast; Majors von Vietinghoff (military attaché to the Imperial German Embassy), Wallace, Miller, Bethune, Macewen, &c. Several valuable and curious objects connected with the history of the Greys were shewn on the occasion. In the banquetting-room hung Miss Thomson's (Mrs Butler) picture of "Scotland for Ever," and the "Fight for the Standard," representing the prowess of Sergeant Ewart, as before mentioned, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Mrs Baird of Cambusdoon. Besides a quantity of old regimental plate, there might be observed the original commission granted by Charles II. to Sir Robert Dalzell in 1681; an old post-box, decorated with the Waterloo medal, which accompanied the regiment during the campaign of 1815; a journal kept by Lieut. Hamilton of Dalzell, giving an account of the battle of Waterloo, and a photograph of the monument (erected in the church of Sholto, Lanarkshire) to the memory of Lieut. James Inglis Hamilton, who fell there in the famous charge, at the head of the regiment; and, finally, a "cuach" presented by the officers of the 92d to the officers of the Greys on the 50th anniversary of the battle, 1865.

It would be futile here to recount the *Menu*; those who know the capabilities of the Albion will readily believe that it upheld its well-earned reputation. Neither would it avail much to dwell upon the toasts in general. Suffice it to say, that they conveyed those loyal and patriotic sentiments, dear to the heart of all who esteem it an honour to wear Her Majesty's uniform—that they were ably responded to—and that the accompanying airs were most suitably chosen, and were rendered by the band with becoming spirit. But it is impossible to pass by, without comment, the toasts of the evening—the two sister regiments—"The Royal Scots Greys" and the "92d Gordon Highlanders." In honour of the occasion, two original songs (never before printed) had been composed by Archibald Maclaren, Esq., and were sung amidst the most boundless enthusiasm. Mr Maclaren gives no further clue to his identity than his name; but, unless the writer is grievously mistaken, he hails, or at least used to do so, not a hundred miles from Oxford. Be that as it may, Mr Maclaren courts no feeble muse; his verses possess dash and "go"—the *verve* which is to the song what *elan* is to the soldier. As these martial ditties, which remind one strongly of the "Soldaten Leider" of Germany, were only printed for circulation at the dinner, and are consequently beyond the reach of the majority of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, I am induced to reproduce them; and if they give to others half the enjoyment they have given to me, I am sure they will readily declare that among the Soldier Songs of Scotland they should deservedly stand in the first rank.

The first song is in honour of the Greys, and is entitled the "Battle of Fontenoy," which was fought on the 11th May 1745, and which Highlanders will remember as affording the "Black Watch," as

well as the Greys, an opportunity of displaying the most distinguished heroism. The following extract from Stewart's "Sketches" will sufficiently explain the subject of the song:—"Sir William Erskine entered the Scots Greys in 1743. He was a cornet at the Battle of Fontenoy, and carried a standard; his father, Colonel Erskine, commanding the regiment. On the morning of the battle, Colonel Erskine tied the standard to his son's leg, and told him, 'Go, and take good care of your charge; let me not see you separate; if you return alive from the field, you must produce the standard.' After the battle, the young cornet rode up to his father, and showed him the standard as tight and fast as in the morning." The second song refers to the recruiting of the 92d Gordon Highlanders, when the bonnie Duchess of Gordon rode to fairs and weddings, clad in scarlet doublet, a bonnet and feathers, and a skirt of her clan tartan, and gave a hearty smack to every lad who listed for the regiment; a kiss from her ruddy red mouth proving far more attractive to the Highland bumpkin, than the prosaic shilling of King George. But without more ado, here are the songs that you may judge for yourselves:—

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Air—"THE MILLER OF DRONE."

Our trumpets sang the morning call,
And from the ground with speed,
Each trooper rose, and stood beside
His ready saddled steed.
"Mount, mount, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
Our leader gaily cried,
"This day we'll show yon vaunting foe,
How Scottish horsemen ride."
"My Greys, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
Oh, cheerily he cried,
"This day we'll show yon vaunting foe,
How Scottish horsemen ride."

Our standard gave he to his son,
The youngest rider there,
Not brighter hung its tasselled gold,
Than did his clustering hair;
And then he from his brave old breast
His crimson sash unwound,
And to the stirrup of the youth
The banner staff he bound.

My Greys, &c.

"My Greys, your dearest pledge and mine,
United thus you see,
And, boy, where blades the reddest grow,
This banner's place must be;
And come to me at evening call,
Thus fast together bound,
Or rest, united still, in death,
Upon the battle ground."

My Greys, &c.

As billow breaks upon the strand,
When storm is on the main,
With cheer that drowned our thunder-tramp,
We burst upon the plain.
But still above the surging ridge,
Where blades the reddest grew,

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Like sea-bird over billow's crest
The banner bravely flew.
My Greys, &c.

At evening call it fluttered free,
Though battle-stained and torn,
And heading still our mustering men
It pridefully was borne.
His helm our old brave leader bowed,
His crimson sash unwound,
For stirrup still and banner staff,
Were fast together bound.
And "Oh, my Greys, my gallant Greys!"
With quivering lip, he cried,
"Yon humbled foe now well doth know,
How Scottish horsemen ride!"

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Air—"WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'."

The French upon Holland are marching,
Marching wi' sword and wi' flame;
"Now, wha," cries King Geordie, "will aid me,
In driving thae saucy loons hame?"
Then up spoke the Duchess o' Gordon,
And bright grew her bonnie blue e'e,
"At hame, 'mang my kin in the Hielands,
Are lads will take bounty frae me."
Wearing the tartan plaid,
Bonnet and feather sae braw,
The round-hilted Scottish broad blade,
The kilt, the sporran, and a'.

A banner o' silk she has broidered,
Wi' her ain fair lily-white hands,
And wi' its folds waving aboon her,
She rides through the Gordon's broad lands;
And bunches of ribbons she carries,
Of colours the Gordons aye wore;
While stepping in time to the pibroch,
The pipers gae sounding before.
Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

A lad frae the hills cries, "I'm ready
To gang whaur your Grace may command,"
A ribbon she ties on his bonnet,
A shilling she slips in his hand;
And bending her down frae the saddle,
She presses her rosy wee mou'
To his cheek, that grows red as the heather:—
Oh! fast come the Hielandmen now.
Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

They come from the braes of Lochaber,
From Badenoch's passes they come;
The deer in the forest of Athol
Unscared and unhunted may roam;
They come from the craigs of Kinrara,
They come from the links of the Spey,
They come from the banks of the Garry,
The Tummel, the Tilt, and the Tay.
Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

Then up spoke the Duchess of Gordon—
 And the din of the gath'ring was still,
 And sweet rang her voice as the merlin's
 When gloaming lies hushed on the hill—
 "When first I uplifted my banner,
 The leaves were a' green on the tree,
 Nae a' leaf yet has fa'en, and aroun' me
 A thousand brave clansmen I see."

Wearing the tartan plaid, &c.

"Now take you the banner, Lord Huntly,
 Of me no mother shall say,
 I keep my ain son from the peril
 While her's I am wiling away;
 And, when in the land of the stranger,
 And fronting the foemen ye be,
 Braw Gordons, look then on the banner,
 And think of Auld Scotland and me."
 Then, hey! for the tartan plaid, &c.

An' gin the fair Duchess could see us,
 Assembled together to-night,
 When Gordons and Greys are foregathered,
 Wi' auld recollections sae bright,
 It's hersell would be proud o' the gathering,
 And she'd say in her accents sae smoo',
 "My bonnie braw laddies, come to me,
 I'll kiss ye each one on the mou'!"
 Then, hey! for the Gordon plaid,
 The bonnet and feather sae braw,
 Three cheers for our Waterloo fren's,
 Field-Marshal Strathnairn and them a'.

When songs such as these pall—when they fall stale and flat—when they lose the smack and flavour of the bivouac, the clang of the charge, the smell of smoke and brimstone, the ping of the bullet, the clash of the sabre, and the roar of the cannon—then—and not till then—will Scotland have sent forth her last son to the field of battle.

A HIGHLAND OFFICER.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—TENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

—O—
 This popular meeting was held this year as usual, on the Thursday of the Inverness Wool Market—14th of July. Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel, M.P., occupied the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Duncan Davidson of Tulloch, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Ross; the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., Inverness; the Rev. Lachlan MacLachlan, Tain; Mrs Mary Mackellar, bard to the Society; Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn; Captain Scobie; Alastair Macdonald Maclellan of Portree Estate, Ceylon; William Matheson, Chief of the Celtic Society of Hebburn-on-Tyne; James Fraser, Mauld; Colin Chisholm, Inverness; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*; Councillor Charles Mackay; Charles Innes, solicitor; and William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society.

Apologies were received from C. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Professor Blackie; George G. Campbell; John Mackay, Hereford; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Dr Charles Mackay; Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost; Angus Mackintosh of Holme; D. Davidson of Drummond Park; N. B. Mackenzie, Fort-William; D. Mackenzie, Newport, Mon.; Rev. A. C. Sutherland, B.D., Strathbraan (by telegram); and John Mackenzie, Auchinstewart.

Mr C. Fraser-Mackintosh wrote as follows:—

I regret I cannot be present at your meeting next week, but hope it will go off with wonted success. If some reference could be made in the form of recommending that a correct Gaelic census be obtained in the manner I have begun with the counties of Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, I think it would be well. Just imagine the state of mind of those in strongly Highland districts who actually kept no note of the Gaelic returns! On the other hand, while many friends omitted infants and young children, there were several staunch true men who tell me that not a soul who could hiss or squeal, if of Gaelic parentage, but was duly returned.

Mr John Mackay, Hereford, sent the following telegram in Gaelic:—

Piseach air a' Chomunn! Slainte a's falanachd do na Gaidheil a's do 'n Cheann-sheadhna urramach, uasal! Bithibh tapaidh! Bithibh duineil!

Mr George J. Campbell, added the following postscript to his letter of apology:—

Could the Society not offer a prize for the best essay, contributed by either Highlanders or Lowlanders, on the best means of attaining the objects we have in view, the essays to be at the disposal of the Society for publication or otherwise? If so, I will be glad to contribute a guinea to the "Prize Fund."

LOCHIEL was well received, and delivered a suitable address, which we are obliged to condense. After a few preliminary remarks apologising for his inability to speak Gaelic he proceeded:—To my great regret and shame I hardly understand a word of the noble tongue, the existence and the privilege of which we are met here this evening to rejoice in. (Applause.) I believe that it is only Highlanders who really know the fondness which Highlanders entertain for their mother tongue. I have often noticed the brightness of expression on a Highlandman's face when any one addresses him suddenly in his native tongue. He appears to become far more confidential in his intercourse, and I attribute very much of the suspiciousness in his nature which has been charged against him to his extreme disinclination to talk in any language besides that which he has imbibed with his mother's milk. Now having made this apology, I would say a word as to the intrinsic merits of the Gaelic tongue to all those whose business avocations and duties in life compel them to reside in the Highlands. There are various posts, and important ones, which may be held in this part of the country, which require for their proper fulfilment a knowledge of the Gaelic language. There are Sheriffships which must be filled up; there are Procurator-Fiscalships which must be filled up. Those who follow the profession of teachers, and especially of public school teachers, to say nothing of ministers of religion—to all of these classes a knowledge of the Gaelic language is almost essential to a due and proper prosecution of their public duties. So that you see, putting sentiment on one side—though I don't think we Highlanders ought to put sentiment entirely on one side—putting sentiment aside, you see that there are considerable material advantages to be derived from a thorough acquaintance with the language of this part of the country. (Applause.) I would now briefly allude to the position, to the future and past usefulness, and the general prospects of the Society to which we all belong. With regard to its position, I think it appears to stand in a most satisfactory state. The roll of membership appears to be so full, that I may say it embraces every man of any importance in the north, or at any rate nearly every man. Now, when I speak of men of importance, however distinguished, I do not do so in the ordinary sense in which the word is used. In a community of Celts, those men alone are distinguished who have done something to serve the cause and forward the interests of Highlanders. (Applause.) Here, I believe I may say, peer and peasant, chieftain and clansman, are all equal, and are all to be adjudged according to results, and those who have done most for the good of the Highlands will, not only in the present time, but in all future time be held to be those who are most distinguished. But, at the same time, we must remember, and our worthy secretary must remember, that the more we increase our members the more we increase our power of doing good, and therefore I hope, when this meeting is over, that one result of it might be that many of us may encourage our friends to belong to this Society, and take a share in all the benefits it has conferred upon the Highlands, in consequence of, and since its existence. Well, now, the usefulness of the Society may be found in the eight volumes of its transactions which I have been lately reading, and which, I can assure those who have not read them, form the most interesting and useful compendium of everything relating to Highland subjects. This Society and these transactions may be considered as the *renaissance* of Highland feeling, of Highland sentiment, of Highland language, and of Highland self-assertion—(applause)—and if these things are to do good, as I believe they will do good in the future, it will form a lasting satisfaction to those who started the Society, and showed the confidence they possessed in their countrymen, that they themselves had the courage to embark in and carry on so good a work. (Applause.) Now, out of these eight

volumes it would seem rather invidious and take up too much time were I to dwell at any length upon any one subject. But, taking a general glance over the volumes, you find there the most eloquent outbursts of the noblest sentiments, and you also find there thoughtful expression of philosophical, of ethnical, and I might even say, of philological truths. You find there a Gaelic array of legends and ancient traditions, mingled, I may perhaps say, with a not too flattering commentary upon the present condition of the Highlands. There you find Gaelic poetry, Gaelic prose, after-dinner speeches, and last, not least, you find the great Professor Blackie himself—(applause)—in his most vigorous and combative form. And, if I may be pardoned in the Professor's absence (I would not venture to quote Greek in his presence), I would say, as we find Professor Blackie enthroned in these pages, may he prove to be a *ktema es aei*—"a possession for ever." (Applause.) And, indeed, well may his name be associated with this Society, for it was under your auspices that, the greatest and most vigorous attempt upon the pockets of the philologist and upon the Highlander that has ever been known was made by the Professor, whom I believe many people consider as a modern, and a sort of very much improved Rob Roy. (Laughter and applause.) Now, gentlemen, although the Celtic Chair which has been established by the Professor may, to a certain extent, supersede the labours of the Society, yet it will only do so in one direction, for in another direction it will very greatly increase the influence of the Society by bringing it more into prominence, and by enabling it to found bursaries, establish scholarships, and in that way to do a vast deal of good which, without a central spot in which Celtic literature might be encouraged, and where a knowledge of these ancient and kindred languages might be acquired, would be likely to fail, as isolated efforts very often did fail, from not having a common centre in which to work. These bursaries were strongly recommended by Professor Blackie himself, and I hope that when the Chair is founded, this Society, and other kindred societies, will do what in them lies to carry out these things, for it must be remembered that the Chair is not a Gaelic Chair alone, but a Celtic Chair, and that assistance to Gaelic students will not come from the inside, but must come from the outside. Now, there is another matter which, I think, might very properly be taken up by this Society. I allude to the publication by those qualified, of course, to do so, of ancient Gaelic legends, accompanied with English translations. There was another subject which I think might be most usefully introduced in the transactions and doings of our Society, and that was in reference to the old historical monuments, and the ruins of ancient castles which abound in the Highlands, and I confess that their history is to me almost a blank. It is very provoking to see the ruins of a castle hundreds and hundreds of years old, and ask as to who built it, or whom it belonged to, who occupied it, what sieges it had undergone, what battles its possessors had witnessed, to be told that all these had been lost in the mists of antiquity. There is a castle in my vicinity, for instance, the Castle of Inverlochry. I have heard of the battle of Inverlochry, but I never heard of any authenticated account of the history of the Castle further back than the days of Cromwell. These things should be gone into for the benefit of the present generation and for those who may come after us. The joint secretary of the Society had collected some facts about the Castle of Glen-Urquhart, and I wish that his example might be followed by those who may be easily found in this neighbourhood, and who are quite competent to the task. These transactions appear to me to possess a very superior interest. They are much to be preferred to papers written in newspapers, because few people file newspapers, and fewer still cut out extracts. Any one, however, who wishes to brush up his memory, or to obtain some important facts, may very easily lay his finger upon the page in these transactions. They are superior to books, for this double reason, that if you were to purchase books on all Highland subjects now published, and if you ever shifted your quarters, you would require a caravan to carry them away. (Laughter.) I hope that, when this meeting is over, we shall none of us consider that our duties thereby cease, but that we shall consider what good this Society and other kindred societies have lately done to Highlanders and to the Highland cause, instilling a patriotic feeling into the youth of the nation that you can only incite them to by pointing them to those deeds of prowess which we admire in our forefathers, and which we hope to emulate in ourselves. Not long since, this and other kindred societies carried their point in regard to the kilts in the tartan regiments. (Applause.) Let us not, therefore, consider that we are weak, because we are not weak; let us carry ourselves as men; let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and do all we can to perpetuate the love of our country, and let us bring to the front those good qualities of the Celt, and of so great and so noble a race as that of the Highlanders. (Loud applause.)

Lochiel was followed by a young man who came all the way from Glasgow to murder an excellent Gaelic song. Miss Watt then sang "Cam ye by Athole," in her usual happy manner; whereupon she was loudly and most deservedly encored. The "Highland Fling," by Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie, of the 78th Highlanders, Pipe-Major Ferguson, I.H.R.V.; Piper Reid, do.; and Alexander Dean, Inverness, came next. The "Oganaich" were warmly cheered and encored. An old friend, Mr John A. Robertson, who had only arrived an hour before from Boston, U.S.A., presented himself, to the surprise of many, and sang in splendid style, "Is Toigh leam a Ghaidhealtachd," in Gaelic and English, the former by Campbell Ledaig, the latter by Professor Blackie. Miss Macdonald sang very sweetly, "O, for the Bloom of my own Native Heather," and was encored. "Oran a Phrionnsa," by Hugh Fraser, followed, and Mr John A. Mackenzie, burgh surveyor, concluded the first part of the programme by an excellent rendering of "The Flowers of the Forest."

An interval of ten minutes followed, during which Pipe-Major Ronald Mackenzie played, in grand style, a selection of music on his great Highland bag-pipes.

The Chairman then called upon the Rev. LACHLAN MACLACHLAN, of Tain, who delivered the following spirited address in Gaelic:—

Tha latha agus bliadhna on a labhair mi anns a bhaile so ann an cainnt mo mbaith-air, agus 's gann gu'r urrainn dhomh a thuigsinn ciamur tha mi an so an nochd, no cionnus a dh'irradh orm focal no dha a labhairt ribh aig a choinneamh bhliadhnaile so. Math dh'fheudte gur ann a chionn 's gun robh mi aon uair a searmonachadh Gaelic anns an t-sean Eaglais Ghaidhealaich 'sa bhaile so—aitreabh nach eil, math dh'fheudte, ro thaitneach do shuilean a choigrich, ach a tha ro bhoidheach agus aillidh nam shuileansa—oir is ann innte a thoisich mi "le h-eagal agus ballchrith" air Soisgeul nan Gras a chur an ceill do shluagh cho baigheil agus blath-chridheach 'sa bha riamh air an t-saoghal—Ni maith g'am beannachadh! No math dh'fheudte gur h-ann do bhrìgh 's gu'm bheil mi na'm bhall don chomunn so—Comunn, Gaidhealach Baile Inbhirnis—agus gun robh e na chleachdadh domh 'bhi maille ri u aig uairean sonruichte na'n eachdraidh. Ach co dhù, tha mi toilichte a bhi maille ribh air an fheasgar so, agus cuideachd cho mor agus cho eireachdail fhaicinn fa'm chomhair. So an t-am ris an abair sinne 's an duthaich a 's an d'thainig mise, "faidhir na cloimhe"—far am bheil na daoine mora, laidir, beartach cruinn a chum na mìltean punnd Sasunnach a dheanadh, no math dh'fheudte a chall. Tha iad a'g innseadh dhomhsa gu bheil na tuathanaich a gearan. Ach, Ni Maith a thoirt naiteanas dhomhsa, na chunnaic mise tuathanaich riamh nach robh a gearan! Cha chreid mi nach eil e air fas nadurra don duine choir sin bhi daonnan diombach. Aig an am cheudna feumaidh sinn aideachadh gu bheil mur reusan aig na tuathanaich a bhi mi-thoilichte anns na bliadhnaichan so. Tha, gun teagamh, calltaichean mora a teachd orra; agus, tha e cruaidh gu leoir 'bhi faicinn maoin dhaoine dichillach agus stuama a leaghadh uidh air n' uidh air falbh mar shneachd air aodan Bheinn Nibheis air teachd a steach an t-samhraidh. Chan eil teagamh sam bith nach fheum na mail tuiteam, agus nach fheum an t-uachdaran an tuathanach a choinneachadh gu cothromach agus gu cneasda mar a tha rìreadh cuid dhiu cheana a deanamh. Ach so a bhochduinn mu thimchioll nan tighearnan Gaidhealach, a chuid mhor dhiubh co dhiu, nach eil, sgillinn ruadh aca ris an t-saoghal, a bhuineas dhoibh fein. Cha'n e 'mhain nach eil facal Gaelic aca fein no aig an cloinn, ach feumaidh iad falbh do Lunnain; feumaidh iad tighean mora costail a chumail a suas an sin; gus mu dheireadh am bheil an sporan a fas eutom, agus mo thruaighe, falamh. Tha fhios agaibh uile gle mhaith gur e so smior na firinn. Tha mi creidsinn nam bithinn a bruidhinn anns a bheurla nach bithinn cho fosgailte agus cho briathrach; ach cha tui'g na Goill mi co dhiu, agus tha e cho maith. Ach nach eil e bronach gu leoir a bhi faicinn oighreachd an deigh oighreachd a bhuineadh do theaghlachaich nasal Gaidhealach re mhoran linntean air an reic ri Sasunnach aig nach eil suim no baidh do na Gaidheil, agus le'n fhearr fiadh agus earb agus coileach dubh agus ruadh na muinntir na duthcha. Ma tha am fearcan ann an lamhan uchdaran do n t-seorsa so, cho bochd ris na luchan, tha an tuathanach a fulang air doigh no dha. Cha'n fhaigh e na tighean agus na nithean feumail eile a tha dhith air; agus cha'n islichear am mal aon phunnd Sasunnach air an droch bhliadhna. Nam fanadh an t-uachdaran aig an tigh, agus n' an tigeach e beo air fhearann fein agus na tha cinnint air, nan labhradh e a Ghailig, agus nam measgadh e le shluagh fein aig feill, 'us baile, 'us eaglaise, bhiodh, e fein sona, bhiodh meas aig an t-sluagh air, agus cha bhiodh an oighreachd air a reic. Tha 'n t-oran a' gradh:—

Feumaidh mnathan uaisle an Tee
'Sgur goirt an cinn mar faigh iad i.

The *Tea* saor gu leoir; cha'n eil sean chailleach sa'n duthaich aig nach 'eil a phoit dhubh aig taobh an teine. Agus tha ioma nì maith eile saor gu leoir mar an ceudna —na'n tigeaidh daoine beo a reir an tighinn a stigh; ach se so dìreach a cheart nì nach dean iad. Tha 'n t-oran ceudna a labhairt gu glic agus a toirt deadh chomhairle anns an rann so:—

An naire bhochd gun chas gun lamh,
Tha 'n daa mar dh'fhag an senn fhacal,
Cha chuir i salunn air a chail,
B'ì t-fhaicill tra' mun lean i rnit.

Ach tha da thaobh air gach ceist. "Tha da thaobh air bean a bhaillidh, 's da thaobh air bata 'n aigis." An deigh a h-uile rud a th'ann, feumaidh sinn a chuirhneachadh gu'n robh bliadhnachan maith aig na tuathanaich roimhe so, agus gun d' rinn moran dhiu fortainn ged nach aoidh iad e. Air an sobhar, so, bu choir dhoibh bhì foighidneach. Tha 'n sean-fhocal a'g radh—"far am bi bo bi'dh bean, 's far am bi bean bi'dh buaireadh." Cha'n urrainn a h-uile beannachd a bhì aig neach as eugmhais deuchainnean. Cha'n eil bo no bean agam fhein, agus cha'n urrainn dhomh a radh gu 'bheil mi gu tur as eugmhais buaireadh. Ach tha a 'ghrian shiubhlach ann an gorm bhrat na'n speur, a dearsadh os mo cheann, tha na reultan ciun an uair na h-oidhche, mar shuillean uile-leirsinnich Dhe a'g amharc a nuas orm le gradh; tha eoin na h-ealtuinn a seinn an ceilleirean binn a'm chluais; agus tha torman an uillt a toirt gairdeachas do'm chridhe. Mar sin, "Ged tha mi gun chroddh gun aighean, gun chroddh laogh, gun chaoirich agam," tha mi sona gu leoir—"Tha mi taingeil toilichte, ged tha mo sporan gann." Fagaidh sinn a nis na tuathanaich, an spreidh, 'san cloimh, agus beachdaichidh sinn air na croitearan. Tha moran do na h-uachdairean 'nar measg ro chaoimheil ris an t-seorsa so—agus cha mhor dhiu as urrainn a bhì air an coimeas ri Lochial, a tha sa chathair air an fheasgar so: chan e mhain nach eil e g'am fogradh as an fhearann san d'rugadh agus s'an d'fhuair iad an arach, ach, tha e air innseadh dhomhsa, nach deachaidh na mail a thogall fad mhoran bhliadhnachan. Air a shon so thugamaid cliu dha; tha beannachd nam bochd aige cheana, beannachd na bantraich, agus an dilleachdain. Ach tha iad ann nach eil cho iochdmhor, baigheil, cneasda. An aite bhì deanamh faire thairis air na h-ichdairin chum a'maith a chur air aghaidh, si'n fhaire "faire a chlamhain air na cearcan." Tha iad ann nach eil a smaointeachadh air nì sam bith ach airgiod, seig agus feineachas—a tha'g amharc air an tuath bhig mar dhrobb dhama no mhult gu bhì air an iomain agus air am bualadh air aghaidh a dh'ionnsidh na h-Eaglais-bhrìc. Cha cheil sinn nach robh e na bheannachd do mhoran de na Gaidheil 'b' bhì air an tilgeadh mar so a mach air aghaidh an t-saoghail, or shoirbhich moran diu ann an rioghachdan eile air dhoigh nach b'urrainn dhoibh a dheanadh air a chroit bhochd aig an tigh. Agus chan eil teagamh sam bith nach robh agus nach eil fathast, ann an ioma aite gillean oga a fuireach anns a bhothan agus a tighinn beo air an acair bhochd, a posadh agus a siolachadh an uair a bu choir dhoibh bhì gramail, sgairteil, dichollach, gan cosnadh ann an aithebh eile. Cha'n aithne dhomh nì is truaighe agus is leibidiche na gille og a lundaireachd 'sa slaodaireachd mu'n cuirt dorsan athar, aon uair a garadh a chas ris an teine, uair eile na sheasamh le thulchainn ri balla, a lamhann am pocannan a bhrìgis gu uillean, agus piob thombaca 'na chraos. M' anam fhein; dh'allain gach mac mathar dhiu so a mach as an dachaidh. Ach se'n doigh sean spiorad anns sa'n deachaidh na croitearan a chur a seilbh, tha cianail graineil, tamailteach. Tha casaid mhor air a deanamh air na h-Eirionnaich aig an am so, airson an ceannairc agus an droch ghiulan. Cha'n urrainn neach sam bith na'r measg an dol air aghaidh a moladh. B'abhaist do dhaoine fochaid a dheanamh air na bagraidhean eagalach a bha na h-Eirionnaich roimhe so a deanadh an aghaidh Shasunn agus Albainn ann am briathran cosmhuil ris an rann so:—

Thugaibh! thugaibh! Bo! bo! bo!
Paddy mor 'us biodag air!
Faiscill orbh an taobh sin thall
Nach toir e ceann a thìota dhibh.

Ach an Eirinn aig an am so tha gnothuichean craiteach a dol air aghaidh, air nach urrainn duinn amharc le fochaid agus fala-dha. Ach cha'n eil m' cinnreach nach b'fhearrda na Gaidheil beagan tuilleadh na tha aca de naduir an Eirionnaich agus gun diultadh iad cho fad sa tha na'n comas, agus gu riaghailteach, cur a suas leis gach nì a thogras iadsan a dheanadh aig am bheil coir air an fhearann. Si mo bharail nach fhada gus an tig an la so mu'n cuairt. Cha'n eil farnad agam ri crìche an duine sin a thionndaidh muinntir a mach o'n tighean agus o'n dachaidh, gu sonraichte sear

dacine, oir s' ann orra-san a's truine thuiteas a bhuille. O, cuimhnichibh nach b'iad clann Lot, nach b'iad buill og a theaghlach, a dh' amhaire nan deigh, agus a stad 'sa chomhnard, nuair bha Sodom gu bhi air a sgrios. Bi an t-sean bhean, a chath a laithean anns a bhaile mhallaichte, a sheall le suil bhronaich na deigh air an dachaidh a chaidh a mhilleadh. Agus tha so nadurra gu leoir. Tha teaghlach a fagail tir an oige air son duthaich chein. Co dhiubh, saoil thusa, a tha do riereadh muldach, craiteach? Co na cridheachan a tha da riereadh air am fagadh mar anart le bron? An iad, saoil thu, na mic agus na nigheana oga? O chan iad idir! Tha iadsan ag amharc air aghaidh le aoibhneas agus togradh ri fearann ur, ri tir a gheallaidh. Ach tha cridhe an t-sean duine thruaigh briste bruite. Am bothan bochd; an sruthan seimh; an cnocan uaine air cul an tighe, an fhraoch-bheinn mu'n cuairt air gach taobh; an eaglais san d'rinn e aoradh o' oige; a chill sam bheil athair agus a mhathair ghaolaich a gabhail tamh. O tha e cruaidh a bhi dealachadh riu uile gu brath. Ach tha am bata a feitheamh air an traigh; tha'n long air achdair anns a chaol, tha na siuil bhana cheana sgaoilte ris a ghaoith; tha an an dealaichidh air teachd. Tha an long a nis fo lan shiul, tha'n soirbheas ga deoghal air falbh: agus air clar na luinge tha esan na sheasamh, ag amharc air beanntan agus air cladshean a dhuthcha gus am bheil a shuillean, luchdaichte le deuraibh, a call-an-t-seallaidh ma dheireadh air fearann a ghraidh. Tha mi a'g radh gur cruaidh an cridhe a chuireadh creutairean bochd mar so mun cuairt. Far a bheil mise a gabhail comhnuidh—Siorrachd Rois—cluinnidh tu na tuathanaich a'gearan nach urrainn iad luchd-oibre air paigheadh-latha fhaotainn mar bu mhaith leo. Ciamur a gheibh nuair nach eil na dacine ann? 'Nuair a chaidh am fogradh o'n dachaidh agus on duthaich? C'ait' an duigh a faighear saighdearan Gaidhealach a lionas suas na reiseim-eidean Gaidhealach, nuair a thig am a chruadail agus a chomhstri 'sa bhlar? C'ait' am bheil luchd an fheilidh nach geilleadh 'san stri? Tha iad an duigh an' tìrribh cein. Beachdaichibh air an fhirinn so. Ann an leth cheud bliadhna chaidh trì fichead mìle sa deich saighdear don arm Bhreiteannach as a Ghaidhealtachd. Agus mar a dh'innis a h-aon do chleir a bhaile so dhuinn, an t-Ollamh Macgriogair; chuir an t-Eilean Sgiathanach chum nan cogaidhean anns an do ghabh an rioghachd so pàirt fo cheann corr 'us da fhichead bliadhna, se ceud-gu-leth oifigich, agus deich mìle saighdear don arm. Cait am faigh thu ni sam bith cosmhuil ri sin air an la duigh? Chan eil a ni comasach idir—eachdon ged a rachadh a' ni sin a dheanadh a rinn bean usal roimhe so—celle Dbiuc Ghordain—a thalaidh agus a cho-eignich na fir do'n reiseimide le poig o'beul boidheach usal fein. Feudaidh sinn a radh "Dh'fhalbh sud uile mar bhrudair, 's mar bhoinne buillsgein air uachdar na'n tonn." Ach si' a cheist, Am bheil an rioghachd, luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd, a nochdadh mor ghliocas ann a bhi ceadachadh nithe do'n t-seorsa so tachairt agus dol air aghaidh? "Tha'n sean fhacal a'g radh," 'S ann an deigh laimh a bhitheas an Gaidheal glic. 'Si mo bharail 's a gu bheil so fìor mu thiomchìoll tuille 'us na Gaidheal. Ann am batail na rioghachd cha robh saighdearan 'san arm cho treun seasmhach, cruadalach ri luchd a bhreacain agus ma dh'fheudte gu'n tig an t-am anns am faic an rioghachd so ni's soilleire na tha i a nis a faicinn, agus gu'n amhaire i air na nithibh agus na laithean a dh'fhalbh le bron agus aithreachas, an uair a bhitheas bron agus aithreachas diomhain agus gu'n sta. Feudaidh a Ghaidhealtachd briathran na' mnatha ri Ian a chleachdadh ris an Rioghachd—

"Nuair thig am bothan, le chraos cam,
Am mal, 'sa chlann, 's a'n ceannach ort,
Bu taitneach dhuit a bhean 'san am sin
Thairneadh ceann an amuill dhuit."

A chlann n'an Gaidheal, seasaibh an guallibh a cheile! Bithibh dileas do'n duthaich ga'm buin sibh: mairibh deigheil air cainnt 'ur mathar—agus na biodh naire oirbh gur Gaidheil sibh, agus gur Gailig 'ur ceud chainnt. Nair, an dubhairt mi? Dia ga'm chuideachadh! Nair a m' duthaich! Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil duthaichean ann is blaithe, is tioraile, is beartaiche; ach nam' shuillean-sa cha'n eil tir ann fo'n ghrein cho aluinn, chan eil blath ann cho boidheach ri fluran an fhraoich. Nair a m'chainnt! Ma ni mi taire oirre, ma dhi-chuimhnichas mi i, di-chuimhnichadh mo lamh dheas a seoltachd, agus leanadh mo theangadh ri m' ghial! A chlann na'n Gaidheal, a rituist tha mi ag radh ribh, seasaibh an guallibh a cheile! Gradhaichibh 'ur duthaich, irraibh maith 'ur luchd-duthcha! Ruithibh le foighidinn an reis a chuireadh roimhibh. "Dean greim daingean air na bheil agad, chum 's nach glac neach air bith do chrun." Buaidh leis Ghaidhealtachd fhad 'sa sheideas, gaith r'a stucan. A mhuintir mo ghraidh, slan leibh! An la chi 'sanch fhaic!

Mr MacIachlan sat down amid deafening applause. The address was cheered throughout, and was one of the best and most eloquently delivered Gaelic speeches we have ever listened to. The "Reel of Tulloch," and more songs, occupied the second part of the proceedings, the performers being those who acted in the first part—Miss Watt, Miss Macdonald, and Mr Robertson again being loudly applauded and again *encored*. Miss Macdonald this time sang a Gaelic song, "Och Mar a Tha Mi," very sweetly; while Miss Watt, in "O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad," was quite up to her usual, and called forth innumerable responses. A special feature of the proceedings was the singing of the following song to a popular old air, composed a few days previously by Mrs Mary Mackellar, on the recent attempt to rob the Highland regiments of their tartan :—

FLEASGACH AN FHUILT CHRAOBHAICH, CHAIS.

A fhleasgaich an fhuilt chraobhaich chais,
Oig-fhuir a' chuil dualaich;
A fhleasgaich oig an or-fhuilt chais,
Gur e do mha'is a' bhuair mi.
C' ait' bheil sealladh fo'n ghreinn,
Co ceutach ri duin'-nasal,
'S a phearsa dhìreach, chuimr, reidh,
Fo fheile nan pleat cuaiche!
A fhleasgaich, &c.
C' aite 'm facas riamh air faiche,
'N am tairuing nan cruaidh-lann,
Fìr co sgairtell ris na gaisich
G'an robh 'm breacan dualach!
A fhleasgaich &c.
Am bliadhna thainig fìos a Lunainn,
Chuir oirnn uile buaireas,
Na breacsan ur g'an d'thug iad gaol,
Ga'n toirt o laoch nam fuar-bheann;
A fhleasgaich, &c.
Iad bhi srachdadh bhar nan sar,
Le laimh-laidir naibhrich,
Am felle gearr g'an d'thug iad gradh,
'S a bha mar phairt g'an buaidh dhoibh;
A fhleasgaich, &c.
'S an uair a chuala sinn an sgeul,
Gu'n d'eirich sinn le fuathas;
Chaidh crois-tara feadh an t-saoghail,
'S fìos na caonnaig' buailtich.
A fhleasgaich, &c.
Sgrog gach cuiridh 'bhoineid ghorm,
Le colg, mu 'mhala ghruamaich,
A's phlac e 'lann gu dol do 'n ar
Mar b' abhaist da gu buadhar.
A fhleasgaich, &c.
Dh' eirich an Caimbeulach og,
A's e aig mod nan uaislean;
Phog e bhìodag, 's thug e boid
Gu'm biodh a' choir an uachdar.
A fhleasgaich, &c.

TULLOCH, in felicitous terms, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the performers, who, by their united efforts, had produced such an enjoyable entertainment. The proposal was heartily responded to, and Lochiel, in reply, after complimenting the singers and performers, said that he could not say that he had been much instructed by the Gaelic speech delivered by Mr MacIachlan. That was in consequence of his unfortunate want of acquaintance with the language, a want he greatly lamented. He only understood one word or two—the one being his own name—(laughter)—and the other the word "sporan." Mr MacIachlan's speech showed him one thing, and that was the wonderful power over their audience men had who spoke Gaelic. (Hear, hear, and applause). He had never heard a Gaelic speech delivered before, although he had listened to a Gaelic sermon. The Gaelic language produced a fluency which the English language did not possess. (Applause).

Miss Chisholm, Namur Cottage, presided at the pianoforte, with her usual ability, and the whole arrangements were such as to reflect credit on the secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Daily Free Press*.

On the motion of Dean of Guild MACKENZIE, three hearty cheers were given for Tulloch, and the meeting broke up, every one being pleased with the entertainment.

TRADITIONS OF STRATHGLASS.

BY COLIN CHISHOLM.

X.

WHEN a boy, I was coming down from Glencannich with an old man who had the reputation of being one of the best Seanachies in the district. He delighted in impressing on young people the necessity of knowing the history, legends, and songs of the former inhabitants in the district. Crossing Torr-beatha, a rising ground that separates Glencannich from Strathglass, he pointed out a cairn at the north-east end of Blar-an-lochan, which he said was built to the memory of a Strathconan man, killed at that spot. The tradition he related regarding him is that a party of freebooters stole a herd of cattle from Strathconan. As soon as missed, the owners followed hot haste in pursuit. They overtook the thieves, with their "creach," on Torr-beatha. The leader of the Strathconan men, Mac Fhionnla Oig, it appears, was a brave man. He at once challenged the freebooters to turn the cattle or prepare for fight. They choose the latter alternative. Mac Fhionnla Oig engaged their leader, and instantly killed him, when another of the thieves levelled his gun at the victor, and shot him dead on the spot. Thus, in an instant, the leaders of the two parties were both dead on the top of Torr-beatha. The freebooters disappeared in all haste. The men in pursuit sent one of their number home with the sad news of the death of their leader. On the following day more Strathconan men arrived in strong force, and with the assistance of Strathglass and Glenstrathfarar men they carried the body of their dead hero across the high hills of Glencannich, and the still higher hills of Glenstrathfarrar and Glenorrin, to his native Strathconan. My informant stated that a sister of Mac Fhionnla Oig came along with the funeral party, and as soon as they raised the bier on their shoulders, she composed and sung the following plaintiff verses :—

Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Mu 'n toir a bha 'n deis a chruidh.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 D' fhag iad m' fhear fein a muigh.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 'S lion iad a leine a d' fhuil.
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Eh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 Oh ! mo la deurach dubh,
 'S truagh nach be 'n de an diugh

Having passed the ridge of Torr-bheatha, and descending the south side of it, we came in sight of the Clachan, or Cill-Bheathain, the burying ground in the upper part of Strathglass. My aged fellow-traveller took off his bonnet, and solemnly recited the pious old salutation :

Dhia beannaich an Clachan,
 Far am bheil tasgaidh na tìre,
 Far am bheil m' ullaidh agus m' araic,
 Agus m' ailleaganan prìseal.

Passing Raon-Bhraid, my companion told me that, long ago, a woman went from this farm to the adjoining one of Easter Invercannich for the purpose of borrowing a griddle, wherewith to bake the Christmas bread. The snow was deep on the ground at the time. Although the distance between the two farms is only about half a mile, she felt fatigued, and sat down to rest at a place called Raon-ceann-a-ghlas, after which she resumed her walk, reached Invercannich, got the griddle, and retraced her steps homewards. On coming to the spot where she had halted on the outward journey, she was horrified to observe an infuriated wolf burrowing with all his might in the snow and earth, at the very place where she was so recently sitting. What was she to do? A battle for life was imminent, and there was not a moment to be lost. In this terrible plight the courageous woman determined to use the only weapon within her reach, and, raising the griddle, she, with all her strength, by a well-directed blow from the sharp edge, struck the ferocious animal on the small of the back, broke its bones, and cut the body in two. Some two or three months afterwards the same brave woman became the happy mother of a son, who grew up to be a famous hunter. It is said that a very rough place on the shady side of Glencannich, called Bacaidh-nam-Madadh, used to be infested with wolves; but the hunter alluded to succeeded in destroying them all.

I heard the authorship of the pious salutation alluded to about the clachan attributed to Cailean Mac Alastair, a very old man, who lived long ago at Lietry, Glencannich. I was told that at the funeral of one of his children at Clachan, when the coffin was laid in the earth, he said, "This is the fifteenth coffin I have laid in this grave." He was reported to be the wisest man in the district. Let the reader judge for himself. He married five times, and succeeded in admirably adapting his own to the temper of his five different wives.

It is said that an old woman, who nursed one of the Chisholms of Comar when he was a baby, remained in the family until he became a full-grown man. Whether he consulted his nurse on the choice of a wife, I do not know. Anyhow, when he married the lady of his choice, and took her home to Comar, her ladyship did not seem to come up to the nurse's standard of perfection. The old woman believing, however, that she could improve the young lady, was good enough to remain among the domestics for the purpose of carrying her theory into practice. After a few attempts to shape and mould the views and ways of the laird's lady, the old nurse became convinced that she had a will of her own and was determined to act upon it. About a year after the marriage his wife presented the Chisholm with an heiress. To obtain the opinion of the nurse of the new arrival, the infant was handed to her, and this is how the cruel woman saluted it:—

'S toigh leam fein do leth a leinibh,
 Bho do mhullach gu d' bhonn,
 Ach 's truagh nach robh an leth eile dhiot,
 Na theine dearg do dharach donn.

The English of which is—"I love the half of you, baby, from the top of your head to the sole of your foot; but I regret the other half of you is not burning in a blazing fire of brown oak."* This verse having been recited to the mother, she ordered the nurse not only out of the house, but out of Strathglass. She was transported to the plains of Morayshire, where the Chisholm sent men with wood to build a house for her reception. When the old crone entered the new residence in her penal settlement of Morayshire, she surveyed its internal construction with an anxious eye. Gazing at its couple-trees, her heart gladdened at finding herself surrounded with Strathglass timber, and she addressed her new abode thus:—

'S tocha leam do mhaidean croma,
Na da-thrian na'm bheil am Moireamh,
Airson gun d' fhas iad an coille Chomar,
Frith na'n damh dearg 'us donna.

Meaning—"I prefer thy crooked couple-trees to two-thirds of all in Morayshire, because they have grown in the wood of Comar, the haunt of the red and the dun stags." Before parting with the builders of her new house she made them bearers of a mark of gratitude to her patron, the Chisholm. This is how she began her message of thanks to him:—

'S truagh nach robh Loch-mhaol-ardich,
Far an orduichinn i 'm Moiramh,
A fad 's a leud, sa lom, sa larach,
Aig mo ghradh fo eorna soillear.

"I regret that Lochmulardich is not where I would order it, in Moray, its length, breadth, site, and area,† growing bright barley for my love, the Chisholm."

(To be Continued.)

THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Ex-Premier of Canada, and Mrs Mackenzie, passed through Inverness on Monday last, on their way to Caithness. Mr and Mrs Mackenzie have been travelling here and on the Continent of Europe for the last two months, and we were very pleased to learn from himself that he has been greatly benefitted by his trip, and his appearance unmistakably indicates the fact. By the time this shall have appeared in print, he is to be back in Inverness for a few days, and we hope that he will thoroughly enjoy the surroundings of the Highland Capital.

THE GAELIC CENSUS.—Though we have given this month eight pages more than usual, to enable us to present the reader with a report of the Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society, we are obliged to hold over a valuable communication by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on the Gaelic Census; as also the Rev. Alex. Macgregor's next chapter on "Flora Macdonald." We are glad to find that Mr Fraser-Mackintosh has been successful in getting an address agreed to, in the House of Commons on Monday last, for a tabulated return of all the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, by counties, parishes, and districts, under the Census of 1881.

* The oak is supposed to burn hotter than any other wood

† The area of Lochmulardich is about four miles.

Literature.

A LIFE PURSUIT. By WILLIAM ALLAN, Author of "*Rose and Thistle*," &c.
Sunderland: Hills & Co.

THE reading of Mr Allan's new work has afforded us unalloyed pleasure. The history of a life, however uneventful to outward seeming it may appear to be, cannot fail to be instructive; how much more so the history of an eventful life faithfully told. But Mr Allan's book is more than a history in verse of a life of mere adventure; it is the history of a life of purposeful toil, of honest long continued striving—often in spite of discouragement and apparent defeat—after fortune; a term which, with the author, means infinitely more than mere wealth. It is, too, the history of a successful life, success achieved in a manner which leaves no regrets behind, a history, moreover, written by the man whose life it is, for there is little if any attempt in the book to disguise the fact that "*Mor the Scot*," whose life is narrated, is Mr Allan himself.

The plan of the work is natural and simple. After a description of Mor's father and mother, written with the reverential hand of a son, in whose loving memory the one has become a hero and the other a saint, we have an account of Mor's birth, baptism, boyhood, and education—of his apprenticeship, and of his first campaign as a toiler, ending in apparent defeat. Then follow several cantos, describing a vision which had the immediate effect of reviving the hero's dead courage, and to which he ascribes the inculcation of the principles of Honesty, Justice, and Truth, which were his guides ever afterwards. Mor rises from the chair in which he had received his ghostly visitors with new hope, and once more seeking employment, is successful.

By and bye comes the American Civil War, and the blockade of the Southern Ports, affording opportunities for the employment of men of nerve and ability which Mor takes advantage of: for we next find him on board a blockade-runner. He runs the blockade at least twice successfully, but is ultimately captured and sent to prison in Washington. When he regains his liberty he returns to Britain, "not richer but far wiser than before." Soon after this a more extended sphere of labour opens to him, to be followed by one still more extended, and then comes victory and its fruits, by which we take it, is meant the enviable position which Mr Allan by his ability and energy has now earned for himself.

We have endeavoured thus to shadow forth the plan of the book, but no mere sketch can give an idea of the merit of the work itself. It is full of word-pictures of the happiest and most graphic kind. As already indicated, the portrait of Mor's father is drawn with a loving and reverential hand. He is a man who is suddenly reduced by innocent misfortune from wealth to comparative penury. But this is not dwelt on—little more than a casual reference being made to the fact. The moral and mental aspect of the man finds a larger place in his son's memory, and we are told that

Detesting cant, no hate to those he showed,
Who sought for heaven by a different road,

a feature of his character which would perhaps not be quite satisfactory to his minister, an old Presbyterian divine, who is in a subsequent canto described as—

Wrapt in cold Orthodoxy's vestiture,
He preached flame-terrors as sin's only cure,
And sought by fear-creating tales to shape
For every soul a simple fire-escape—
Bound in his blind belief that God was one
Who cursed all those that worshipped not his son
By Presbyterian version of his creed.

Mor's first teacher was Eppie Tamson, who is thus happily and doubtless truthfully described, although in a very short time the changes in our educational system will perhaps make the description appear grotesquely untrue :—

High seated towered the dame, while on her head
A lofty cap, its snowy folds outspread,
With hair becurled and ribbon round her brows,
And brass-bound spectacles upon her nose.

Full of old majidish shrill voiced consequence,
In learning little, in conceit immense.

She taught by fear the little that she knew,
And whipped for love that learning might ensue.

In a note Mr Allan says that objections may be urged against the unreality of the cantos describing his dream and its immediate issues, but we are satisfied that no reader would wish them out of the book, for these cantos contain some of Mr Allan's finest lines. It is winter, and Mor, unemployed and despairing, returns to his cold home in that mood when

Thoughts of death arise, that tempt the unhinged soul
To spurn the world and gain the restful goal.

And he and his surroundings are thus described :—

Mor, workless and purseless, friendless and crushed,
Sat by the dead fire, and the room was hushed,
He heard a death-voice in the wailing tones
Of the night wind's sudden and fitful moans.
He started and thought some spirit had tapped
As the keen hard hail on the window rapped.

Sleep comes and enshrouds the outer senses of the dispirited worker, but the spirit is awake and receives its comfort in the vision which follows, and when the sleeper awakes it is with new strength and courage, and to make new and successful efforts.

The cantos devoted to the blockade-running portion of Mor's life are perhaps the most spirited in the book. The arrival of the blockade-runner at Porto Rico leads up to a splendidly written canto on the cruelties of the Spaniards in Mexico, where—

Beneath the ruthless Spaniards' blighting breath,
An Empire vanished in a storm of death,

and in Peru, where—

O'er the peaceful country swiftly rolled
A wave of murder and a cry of gold ;

deeds followed slowly but surely by the inevitable retribution—

Where now thy glory, miserable Spain?
Where now thy Empire o'er the Western Main?
For ever gone! yet still remembered are
Thy deeds of rapine, lust, and cruel war.

The chase of the blockade runner, her escape from under the muzzles of her would-be captors' guns, her entry into Charleston, and subsequent run through the blockading squadron outwards, are all told in lines which compel the sustained interest of the reader to the end.

At times it would appear that Mr Allan forgot he was himself the hero of his poem; but this is well on in the book, when he had written so much about "Mor the Scot," that he may well be excused for occasionally investing him with a separate personality and heroic attributes. The lines where this peculiarity crops out would never have been spoken or written by Mr Allan of himself, although they are well deserved; but of this separate person, "Mor the Scot," he has no such delicacy. Speaking of Mor, he says:—

Each foul attack with *lofty scorn* he foiled.

He moved alone to golden poison proof,
And from the selfish *wisely* kept aloof.

Uncheered, unaided, *self-reliant, strong*,
He braved each tempest as he dashed along,
E'en stricken by a sudden blast of death,
Unscathed he rose with still triumphant breath.

So Mor, with throbbing heart and frenzied eye,
Indomitably marched to victory.

Nobody who knows the author will think any of these lines undeserved as applied to him, yet nobody who knows him will for a moment think he meant to apply them to himself. They occur near the end of the work, when Mor, who at first was William Allan, rises above that modest individual and becomes a god of labour whom the humble mortal seeks, and successfully, to imitate. These lines are perhaps blemishes in the work, viewing it as autobiographical, but they are not such as to call for more than a passing remark. The same may be said of one other curious inconsistency in the narrative. In the canto devoted to the description of Mor's visionary visitor, we are told that he wore upon his "warrior head" a helmet, and that

Around its up-drawn visor gleaming bright,
Shone golden letters with untarnished light,
Which seemed his faith-device, or battle-cry,
The unused, world-scorned motto, "Honesty."

In his right hand he had a sword, whose scabbard bore the word "Justice," "in diamond letters sparkling bright;" while on his left arm hung a shield, upon which was emblazoned the word "Truth"—"Heaven's password unto men." The next canto but one is headed, "Buckling on the Armour," and of Mor's visitor we are told that "the shining helmet from his head he took," and

With tender grasp, on Mor's uncovered head,
He placed the dented dome, and calmly said,

"Wear thou this blow-defying helmet ever,
From off thy manly brow, O! take it never.

Be proudly poor with this than rich,"

and so on. Then the stranger takes his sword and shield and arms Mor with them, and during the process gives him abundance of advice, warning him especially against dishonesty, untruth, and injustice. At the end of this exhortation we are told that—

Thus armed, o'er Mor a new sensation stole,
Deeds! living deeds! cried out his longing soul;
And e'er the stranger's solemn words had ceased,
His burning wish for battle had increased.
With war-dilated eye and lips compressed,
Tumultuous throbblings raged within his breast,
His limbs seemed iron and his grasp seemed steel,
His blood afire rushed wild from head to heel,
He heard *Dave's* deep-toned summons sounding ever,
"On! on! to battle! onward, now or never!"
With fearless heart, by fiercest passion swayed,
He grasped the jewelled sheath and drew the blade,
Then cried with frenzied voice, wild ringing high,
"Come world! come toil! come death or victory!"

This is a splendid burst, and after reading it one is not surprised to learn that honesty, truth, and justice became from that time forth the guiding principle of Mor's life. Some seventy pages further on, however, we come upon lines which seem to indicate that even when a declaration of principles is made in high-sounding verse, emergencies may arise when these principles have to be laid aside for the moment, and much abused expediency made the rule of action. Such, at least, would seem to have been Mor's experience.

He finds himself in prison in Washington. Each day he appeals to the British Ambassador, but without effect, for his letters elicit no response. How he at last gained his liberty is told in two lines—

Till tact beguiled a sentry's soldier pride,
Then CUNNING gained what HONESTY denied.

And as this gain was liberty, it would be hard to say that cunning or beguiling tact sparingly used, and only on emergencies, is not sometimes a valuable addition to make to one's acquirements, or to the great guiding principles of honesty, truth, and justice.

Beyond the slight blemishes we have narrated, there is little to find fault with. A few bad rhymes, such as "evil" with "devil," and "slow" with "prow," and a few traces of hasty composition, are defects which a careful revisal will remove. For aught we know, Mr Allan's nationality may so extend his poetic license as to entitle him to pronounce "devil" "deevil," in which case the lines will probably be left as they are.

The work has throughout the ring of genuine poetry, and we offer Mr Allan our hearty congratulations on the appearance of this, the best book yet produced by his pen.

The get-up of the volume is as creditable to the publishers as its contents are to the author. It is beautifully printed on hand-made paper and strongly bound in vellum, and we are by no means surprised to learn that it is already out of print.